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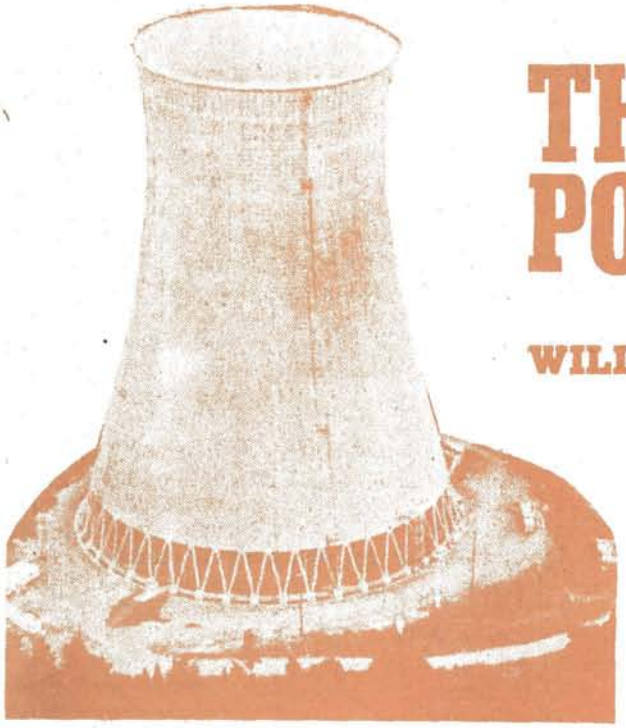

THE NUCLEAR POWER ISSUE

WILLIAM J. LANOUETTE

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FRANK GETLEIN WORKING BOTH ENDS OF THE STREET
ABIGAIL McCARTHY ONCE AGAIN—A NEW START
ERIC COCHRANE REFLECTIONS FROM THE HOLY MOUNTAIN
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. CREEPING FAD, CREEPY PARODY
THOMAS POWERS COVERING CARTER
MICHAEL MOFFITT NIGHTMARE WITHOUT END

SAUL MALOFF MINUTE STEAK, DISARMED HANDS
MICHAEL F. McCAULEY LOOKING BACK ON A PAULIST
JOHN RATTE LUKACS' HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II
MARGARET WIMSATT PRIESTLEY'S PLEASURES

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH DEMOCRATS IN NEW YORK
THE EDITORS THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

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NEWS & VIEWS

Limiting Arms

The arms-sales policy of the United States comes in for heavy criticism in *Arms Control Today*, journal of the Arms Control Association headquartered in Washington.

Unless there is a reversal of the perception of arms sales as a major tool of diplomacy, says *Arms Control Today*, effective long-term multilateral limitations on the global conventional arms race will never be attained.

Especially deplorable, *ACT* declares, is the sale to the Third World of weapons whose primary or exclusive function is either to attack cities or to deliver nuclear warheads. Cited is the sale of F-4 aircraft to South Korea, F-14 aircraft to Iran, and Lance (and possibly Pershing) missiles to Israel.

The long history of American arms sales is updated in *ACT*, and another accusing finger pointed at the Ford Administration and the Secretary of State:

"Secretary Kissinger, in particular, has perceived arms sales as an important factor in counteracting Soviet influence in the Third World. In fact, the major decisions to escalate the quantity and, more importantly, the quality of U.S. arms exports to particular regions have emerged from high-level diplomatic discussions, often without review by the relevant U.S. government agencies."

The journal adds that once Washington has decided to sell arms to a friendly and strategically important country, there appears to be no well-defined quantitative or qualitative limit to the program.

Nor is the distinction made that a weapons' system, which may be "tactical" when deployed in Europe, becomes "strategic" when transferred to such areas as Korea, the Middle East and the Persian Gulf.

Once the distinction between tactical and strategic has been breached, *ACT* maintains, the escalation from conventional to nuclear weapons may seem less drastic. And with the growing danger of nuclear proliferation, "the transfer of nuclear capable delivery systems could raise dangerous ambiguities regarding the intentions and capabilities of the recipient countries, especially in regions, such as South Asia and the Middle East, in which at least one country appears to have access to nuclear weapons."

There's only one sane course, in the opinion of the article's author, Edward C. Luck, director of the Conventional Arms Control Project of the United Nations Association: (1) a moratorium on exports to the Third World of arms that can be used to attack cities or carry nuclear warheads; (2) unilateral restraints on arms exports generally.

Luck's rationale is that a lead by the U.S. is necessary before other suppliers (France, Russia, etc.) will ever consider adopting restraints of their own.

George Eliot, cont.

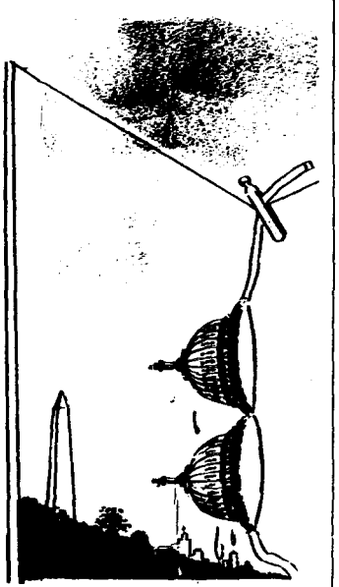
Sentiment is far from unanimous on the logic or propriety of memorializing George Eliot in Westminster Abbey [News & Views, 7/16/76]. In the June 25 *Times Literary Supplement*, Barbara Hardy of the University of London's English department expressed concern over the possible appropriation and patronizing of George Eliot. Her comments:

"The George Eliot Fellowship is no doubt right in expecting support for their appeal from those George Eliot readers who admire her chiefly for those 'affectionate and closely observed descriptions' with which she 'immortalized' the Midlands countryside. I would like to raise the dissentient voice of a reader who would, in the first place, praise her for courage, vision and humanity.

"I was among those who were delighted and moved by the dedication of the memorial to Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., of December 1975, but Hopkins was a great religious poet, and the placing of a memorial in the Abbey was wholly appropriate. George Eliot was a great agnostic writer, the first English novelist whose art embodied her faith in the need to live without the opiates of Providence and Eternity. When the memorial address is given in the Abbey, I hope George Eliot's shade will not be patronized by too much praise of her innocuous qualities, but that the congregation remembers the woman who stopped going to church, who lived with George Henry Lewes without benefit of clergy, and who wanted to join 'the choir invisible.'

"Of course George Eliot, eventually, went to church again, to please her father, and was, in the end, grateful for her brother Isaac's forgiving letter after her marriage to John Cross. But if we insist on making her respectable after her death, let us make it clear that it is to gratify our own desire for respectability. Let us not forget her powers of satire and criticism: she made some devastating remarks about the English establishment in *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, and even called Queen Victoria 'our little humbug of a queen.'

"In a first version of this letter, I suggested that to give George Eliot a memorial in the Abbey was sentimental, but I expect my preference for keeping her outside also springs from sentimentality. Attentive readers of George Eliot will inspect with care their capacity for self-righteousness: observing the dubious satisfaction of feeling virtuous about not giving money, I have sent one small cheque to the NUS Fighting Fund, and another to Oxfam. Other appropriate good causes might include help for battered wives, marriage reform and research into contraception, alcoholism, and race relations."



—Whitman, Phoenix Gazette, Rothco

Odds and Ends

—The *New York Times* for July 9 carried a full-page ad sponsored by the Sub-Secretary of Information, Presidency of Mexico, and captioned: MEXICO'S ELECTIONS EMPHASIZE NATION'S POLITICAL STABILITY. Two pages away was a news story headlined: MEXICAN EDITOR OUSTED BY REBELS. According to the story, the "rebels" were "conservative employees apparently supported and encouraged by the Government." File under 'C' for Contretemps.

—A Protestant minister in Evanston, Ill., reportedly sees Mary Hartman as "Everywoman, facing life like a Christian should." *Comments Pro Ecclesia*, journal of the far right: "Might be a consequence of some of the new catechisms."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Tiresome Cliches

Brooklyn, N.Y.

To the Editors: I would like to thank Abigail McCarthy for her article "A Dissenting Vote" in the June 18 issue of *Commonweal.* In it Ms. McCarthy writes of "the tiresome and stereotyping psychologizing of our age (as) a substitute for intuition and insight when we are confronted with other human beings." I would like to expand on that notion in terms of our Christian obligation to one another.

The study of modern psychology is, no doubt, one of the great advances in our civilization. However, similar to the study of nuclear physics, the knowledge which we gain can be used for the betterment or the destruction of society. When an individual is able to combine his understanding of himself with the good news of scripture this can become a prayerful act (whether this is done through psychological counseling or the wisdom of experience). However, the use of psychological clichés without insight or intuition can be harmful.

It is the process of seeing ourselves or others simply in psychological terms which can rob human nature of its sense of mystery, so important to a people of faith. As soon as we can place a person in one particular category—Negro or white, Jew or Christian, middle-class or low-class, liberal or conservative—then we begin to relate to these people on different levels. The very labels we use draw out our own prejudices and can limit greatly the relationships we have with one another. I cannot deny that this process is often unconscious and normal to some degree. But, when carried to an extreme or when it is done "en masse" bigotry is the result.

I am comforted to think that if Jesus were alive today he would not use psychological clichés. He would not say: "Peter, I realize that you do not have a very good self-image and that

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THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

For Jimmy Carter, the once lonesome runner, the race is won—and begun all over again. The Democratic party's most orderly and anti-climactic national convention since perhaps the Franklin Roosevelt renominations has produced for him the goal of his 19-month striving . . . and a running mate. The chase now is after the presidency itself, over a course by which the primaries are almost certain to seem a lope.

In selecting Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota as his vice-presidential running mate, Jimmy Carter has tapped the strength of his Democratic possibilities, and produced for the Democratic party a strong, attractive ticket. One of the nation's ablest senators, Mondale has solid liberal credentials in those areas of legislative and social concern that have been announced as principal objectives of a Carter presidency, such as tax reform, a national health plan, welfare reform and government reorganization. More particularly, the Mondale record is extensive and measurable—in ways that Carter's is not—and accordingly provides reassurance, for those for whom Carter remains something of an enigma, that the Carter ideological thrusts are basically liberal, some conservative leanings notwithstanding, and that there is not likely to be any contrived gap between the promises of the campaign and the agendas of a Carter administration.

Indeed, Mondale's strengths so complement Carter's weaknesses, especially with respect to positionings, that it is surprising there could have been so much speculation, once the field had been narrowed, on whom Carter would settle. In this context, one breathes easier that Carter did not round out the ticket with Senator Jackson; it could have been a disastrous choice for it could have bespoken a continuity with the fire-and-brimstone foreign policies of recent decades. Similarly, it is wise that Carter did not go to Senator Muskie, although, with the exception of Senator Church, there was more to commend him than any of the other also-rans. A Muskie choice

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would have been made, presumably, out of consideration for the Catholic vote—or, more specifically, the Catholic anti-abortion vote, as if there were no appreciable numbers of anti-abortionists of other persuasions. Yet, to the extent that there is a hard-core Catholic anti-abortionist vote, it is doubtful that Muskie could deliver it, so intransigent and impossible in a pluralistic society are the demands of this bloc. Even broadening the "Catholic" considerations, Carter would have been making a useless gesture in choosing Muskie.

There will be backlashes to the choice of Mondale, but it was an honest and good one. Now it is up to the two of them, Carter and Mondale, to take the skeletons of promise and flesh out the details of program that will persuade the electorate that the answers to the challenges facing the country rest best with a progressive Democratic administration. Carter and Mondale can run against the ghosts of Republican pasts, reel off the travesties of Republicans current, and titillate millions in the process, as the Democratic conventioneers were themselves titillated by Watergate and Nixon-Ford references. They can seek more mileage from the evangelistic pieties that struck such responsive chords among people during the Carter primaries. But it is in the substance of program that victory is to be gained—that, and the awakening of the electorate to the importance of the presidential election process for each of them individually. One of the most disconcerting happenings of Democratic Convention week was the drubbing that convention events received in television ratings when up against the All-Star baseball game. Messrs. Carter and Mondale have their work cut out for them, in more ways than one.

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DEMOCRATS ASSEMBLED

COMPASSION IN NEW YORK

The first thing I saw as I arrived at Madison Square Garden on opening night was a policeman with a club bent over a man with a bloodied head! It was a startling second of *déjà-vu*—as if I had suddenly been flipped back to Chicago '68—but it was the least characteristic vignette of the week, and the poor man was not so much a victim of the policeman's toughness as just another victim of the city and the object of the cop's solicitude. For official New York the Democratic Convention was, more than anything, the extension of the joyous, small-town July 4th festival that had begun a week before when the city's millions milled in the streets of lower Manhattan, gawked at the tall ships, pressed their bodies together in the evening to oohaah at fireworks popping above the Statue of Liberty, and felt a little better about their country.

This continuity between the calm-spirited Bicentennial celebration—which had been preceded by hysterical fears of chaos and mob violence—and the four-day public liturgy celebrating reconciliation within the Democratic party may well mark the beginning of a new era.

Of course no one who lives in New York and keeps his eyes open can feel optimistic about social progress, and the journalist who shelves his skepticism may as well surrender his typewriter. Three blocks south of the Garden, a direction in which no delegates needed to walk, children romp and old men play dominoes alongside derelicts sprawled on the sidewalk. Phil Tracy, who never wanted the Convention to come to New York, correctly pointed out in the *Village Voice* [July 16] that there is something cynical about the Mayor Abraham Beame administration hustling to create a Potemkin Village in midtown for 15,000 visitors while the hospitals, the city university and neighborhoods were falling apart. Yet, if New York Carter-boosters Beame and William vanden Heuvel, and the Carter promises are correct, we may well be on the threshold of garbage-free gutters, graffiti-less walls, unpotholed avenues and silent subways.

In a narrow sense, the TV viewer is better "informed" on the convention than I, with my periodical press pass, prowling the floor, politely ushered along by smooth-faced boys in bright-blue blazers trying to clear the aisles. But the TVer, I think, misses the inner convention, the country picnic or college bar without the beer. The flesh-pressing of tan-faced, blue-haired pols struggling for one another's names as they peer over each other's shoulders toward a more familiar face. (I am afraid that political men have become so practiced at pretending they remember people that it is difficult to believe them when they actually do.) The 12-year-old reporter for the *Children's Express* telling his buddy in the Statler-Hilton elevator, "I don't care about Jimmy Carter, I shook hands with John Glenn." John Glenn Himself, ignored on the podium, reminding me of those plastic super-hero toys my nephews play with, with the toys' spontaneity of gesture and warmth. The convention gang at the Penn Bar watching the All-Star game on TV rather than the proceedings from the hall. Two correspondents from the dope magazine, *High Times*, cornering brusque little meerschaum-puffing Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, grilling him on his opposition to the decriminalization of marijuana, then chortling over his own indictment. The key '68 McGovern aide,

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now a Carter floor-manager, who told me in January the nominee would be Humphrey. Humphrey Himself, his carefully set hair now apparently four colors, providing a welcome floor disruption by plowing through the Minnesota delegation shaking hands. The prominent Catholic journalist selling Gerald Ford "I Got My Job through the *Washington Post*" T-shirts ($4) on the street. Roman-collared delegates on the floor, but no prelates on the podium because, reportedly, Catholic powers were boycotting the benedictions to protest the abortion plank.

Finally, the best evidence that the Carter-Democratic campaign and administration might actually "translate love into simple justice" is the skill with which the former nuclear engineer engineered both the convention and the selection of the Vice Presidential candidate. Certainly Jimmy Carter must have read Senator Walter Mondale's balanced but courageous defence of busing in the *New Republic* [March 4, 1972], bought it, and seen there, as well as in his other consultations, the combination of intelligence, realism and "compassion" he sees in himself and wanted to characterize his cause.

In the campaign, I predict, Mondale will represent Government; Carter, the People. In a brilliant symbolic touch, Carter did not abruptly appear on the podium but entered across the floor, emerging from the people. As he spoke the full house listened with a reverence normally reserved for a grandfather reading the Bible aloud. The only background noise, other than cheers, was the steady clackety-clak-clak of newsmens' typewriters—like the thrilling ratatatat of *Washington Post* typewriters that orchestrated Nixon's inaugural address in *All the President's Men*.

George McGovern had been told to keep his Tuesday speech not-too-controversial. But Carter's, with its populist denunciation of the privileged, was a speech McGovern could have given: he too was calling on America to come home. This time America might be ready to listen. Carter did not mention God. He did not have to. Martin Luther King, Sr., took care of that. And the crowd sang "We Shall Overcome," a lovely hymn I have not heard in the right context in a long while, while the reporter to my left, John Miller of the *Toronto Star*, pounded out a classic lead: "Jimmy Carter—nuclear engineer, peanut farmer, governor of Georgia—was born again today—as Democratic nominee for the Presidency of the United States."

RAYMOND A. SCHROTH

WASHINGTON REPORT

WORKING BOTH ENDS OF THE STREET

Life went abruptly out of Washington within days of the bicentennial Fourth of July. The Queen went off to New York, thence to Boston and Canada, after occasioning the only completely boring British import in the whole, Limey-laden history of American public television. President Ford went off to Reaganland, discerning at last in that candidate the presidential qualities he so short a time ago was blind to. The Democrats and much of the press went off to Madison Square Garden to witness the formal ceremonies commemorating Jimmy Carter's amazing replay of the Kennedy primary campaign of 1960. For lack of anything else, attention went off to the United Nations, where at least there was some semblance of action, if only of the tragic-farce variety we have come to expect from Babble-On on the East River.

The action was occasioned by Uganda's preposterous proposal that the Parliament of Man punish the single member-state capable of defying and foiling the illegal and monstrous forays against civilization undertaken by the criminal band of Palestinian terrorists. Precisely for foiling the latest such foray, Uganda proposed, Israel should be condemned and made to pay reparations for damages inflicted in the course of saving the lives of the innocent parties held hostage by the criminals. The United Nations being the United Nations, the proposal was listened to as if it were rational, as if there were nothing odd in the idea that the preservation of some degree of law and order, the rescue of innocent victims threatened by murderous criminals, were themselves criminal acts to be punished lest the world become unsafe for kidnappers and murderers.

Since, in sharp contrast to the classic variety, Palestinian terrorism is totally public, the facts are not in dispute. The Palestinians seized a civilian aircraft bound from France to Israel while it was stopped in Athens. The criminals flew the captured plane to Uganda, where they received a warm welcome, Ugandan troops being deputed to stand guard on the captive passengers and crew while the kidnappers and extortioners got in a little sleep. The criminals issued their demands: a long list of their fellow criminals now awaiting trial or serving sentences in Israeli and European prisons would have to be released or the hostages—all of whom had no known connection with the imprisonment of the criminals; they were just handy—would be killed in cold blood.

The president of Uganda, the military dictator Idi Amin, inserted himself into the case as a self-styled "mediator," whose only perceptible act of mediation

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was to repeat the demands of the extortioners and warn against making them angry. At no time did he make any effort at all to bring these international criminals to justice, despite the ease with which that might have been done while they slumbered, their guard duty taken by his troops. At no time did he remotely suggest there was anything reprehensible in the kidnapping, extortion and threats of murder. On the contrary, Amin allied himself with the criminals from the first and remained in that alliance until the end.

As the deadline set by the criminals approached, the Israelis mounted a daring and successful raid against the gang. They flew the 2500 miles to Uganda, fought their way into the place of imprisonment, killing the criminals and a few Ugandans troops, and successfully rescued almost all the hostages within hours of their scheduled deaths at the hands of the criminals with the approval of Amin.

Puzzle: who were the criminals? Only in the United Nations could the question arise and certainly only in the United Nations could there be a serious doubt as to the answer.

Terrorism is, of course, a classic and in many circumstances legitimate political method. It is to be distinguished from Terror, which is a somewhat similar policy applied by the state against its citizens, as happened in imperial Rome, Inquisitorial Spain, Star Chamber England, par excellence in Revolutionary France, and, of course, in Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union under both Lenin and Stalin, to a lesser degree since. Terrorism is the weapon of the otherwise politically impotent. The 20th century was officially begun with an act of terrorism, the assassination of the Hapsburg Archduke by the Serbian patriot, Gavril Princip.

In classical terrorism, however, the act of terrorism is addressed against government or class figures having some, usually a very close, relationship to what is perceived by the terrorists as an unjust state of conditions. The Archduke, for example, was the exponent and the future of the dynastic Hapsburg oppression of Slavs and other non-Germans in the Balkans. Similarly in the Irish War of Independence, conducted along both guerrilla and terrorist lines, the people seized as hostages—as in Brendan Behan's play of that name, (O'Connor's story) —were British soldiers or officials. To this day, until very late indeed, the objects of IRA assaults in the North of Ireland have more often than not been connected with the occupying power or the local force perceived as usurping, unjust or both.

The Palestinians have changed all that. Possibly for the first time in the long history of political terrorism, they have, as a matter of consistent policy, attacked third parties, "innocent" ones, with a heavy stress on unarmed civilians, young men stripped down for athletic endeavor, civilian passengers on civilian air flights or in civilian airports, audiences in movie shows, children in schools and dormitories. The implication is unmistakable that the patriotic freedom fighters feel a lot more comfortable shooting kindergarten toddlers than they do taking on, even from ambush, a single armed Israeli soldier, a government official whose death might actually influence the policy the terrorists deplore.

In addition to such random, pointless and certainly ineffective killing, the Palestinians have for a long time specialized in the highjacking of airplanes which are then held, along with their "innocent" passengers as hostages against the payment of large sums of cash or, in the case at hand, the release of previously captured members of the criminal band.

Ironically, it is against just such international criminal activities that an international organization such as the United Nations just might be effective. As far as keeping the peace among powers determined to make war goes, the UN has long demonstrated its impotence. If Russia decides to invade any of its Eastern European neighbors to demonstrate to itself that it is, after all, a major power, the UN is helpless to do anything at all, even to deplore the action. If the United States, for exactly the same reason, decides to invade Indochina and spend an entire decade bombing the Indochinese, again the UN is helpless. But one would think that international crimes, such as those of the Palestinian terrorists against "innocent" civilians engaged in international travel could indeed be the subject of some sort of international control under UN auspices. On the contrary, the impulse of the majority of the organization is to see to it that anyone interfering with the criminals is punished.

It is some 44 years now since the emerging movie musical gave 42nd Street its distinctive reputation. The street has lost a lot in the intervening decades. The Public Library, the most fundamental cultural institution, has been reduced to cutting its hours and services drastically. Grand Central Terminal, once the grand gateway to the city is so no longer; it is merely the end of a commuter line, the most elaborate horse parlor in the world and the rather overbuilt home of a good oyster bar. The neighborhood that Ruby Keeler had in mind and in her tapping toes has been reduced hideously to the porno capital of the city and the scene of sleazy transactions in sleazy movie houses. Only at the other end of the street, along the East River, have property values increased and there they have done so in response to the presence of the United Nations. The UN is located on the former site of one of the city's great abattoirs and is in the process of deciding whether or not to revert to that heritage.

In the meantime, the principal difference between the east end and the west end of 42nd Street is that on the west end, the men and women engaged in their varied activities look like people so engaged. On the east end, though the activities are much the same, the people manage to look like diplomats. FRANK GETLEIN

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ONCE AGAIN—A NEW START

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

As I write, an ecumenical conference on the laity is taking place at the University of Dallas in Texas. From this distance I hope for good things from the leaders and participants even though I was, at first, somewhat startled by the conference title and announced purpose: The Laity—A New Direction: "Our aim is nothing less than a major change of direction for the laity in the Church. Outward—into the world—permeating every nook and cranny of all our social structures with insights from the gospel of Jesus Christ. This means industry and business, education and politics, law, medicine and all the professions, art and architecture, and even the entertainment world."

A new direction? They come to mind in a jumble of memories, all those brave starts of the last forty years—Catholic efforts and Protestant, ecumenical, traditional, and daring innovations. Christophers, the Jocists, the members of Opus Dei, the prayer breakfast movement, the lay retreat movement, *die evangelische akademieen*, the Christian Family Movement, the Grail, the Lutheran Faith in Life Institutes—all the various manifestations of what we used to call the lay apostolate, were they not efforts to permeate our social structures with insights from the Word? And what of all those endless discussions of the vocation of the laity, and the right of the laity to perceive and direct it? Of the multi-various clerical efforts to come to terms with, and harness the efforts of the laymen and women so seized with zeal? Had it all gone unnoticed? I thought, at first, that only people who had been very bound up in the bureaucracy of the churches could think this direction new.

And yet, as with any fresh start or rediscovery, there are some promising new points of departure in the preparatory papers. The rhetoric has become traditional in the past half century, true, as in the introductory statement of Mark Gibbs, head of the Audenshaw Foundation in Britain: "those who are actually involved (i.e., "in the powerful, complicated, and potentially compromising structures of secular life") are the ones who must be allowed and indeed helped to work out the ethics and the theology of Christian lay responsibilities today." *But the concrete examples come to grips with reality.*

Gibbs, for example, writes that it would be "perverse" not to recognize the severe strains under which lay people today labor, both in Europe and North America. The energy crisis, inflation, worry about unemployment and housing affect the middle-level church families, particularly part-time workers supplementing family income, and "the great grey army of pensioners." The laity in positions of moderate responsibility have little enough time for family, local leisure and church responsibilities. They are finding their work situations "a misery" and "a stale tiredness" the norm.

We have, he says, acknowledged the challenge put to lay-people by modern commerce and industry in some ways—we know about the effect of dull, monotonous tasks, of working odd shifts, of the assembly line. We know about the heavy work loads and the enforced competition in the life of young executives. Now he sees four additional strains. (1) There is a "numbing feeling of helplessness" because even large companies and senior executives are caught up in giant corporations, unions, international political arrangements, which they can do almost nothing about. (2) A nagging fear that the people responsible for these giant structures and decisions are "not all that strong or competent" (3) A new anxiety about "practical lines of ethical conduct" under these conditions. (4) Awareness of the desperate problems of Third World countries at the same time so many domestic emergencies exist. We have not begun to understand, he concludes, "what kind of fellowship, prayer life, and worship such laity really need or desire." Surely he is right.

The problem for the laity forty years ago was to get any recognition at all of their importance and peculiar responsibility in the church and the world. In the Catholic Church it was not until Vatican II that there was finally any clear recognition that the laity had a special task in the renewal of the temporal order. And not until then was it conceded that the laity might have a "charism" of its own. Again and again church leaders proved unable to think of lay effort as anything other than providing troops to march in the direction they might choose to point out. More than a quarter of a century ago J. H. Oldham is quoted in these papers as pointing out that that is just what "the best lay people will not do." In our country many of these took off on their own tacks—often fruitfully—and have long been marching to the music of different drummers.

Throughout these discussions, however, runs a thread of acknowledgment that a new kind of manipulation of the laity has developed in this day of "strategies" and coalitions. We see so clearly what other people should do; we go to tell them so in our lobbies and pressure groups, the business people and the politicians without thought that they also may be lay Christians who should be asked to help find solutions . . . (Gibbs) And Howard Blake director of the conference writes:

(*Continued on page 510*)

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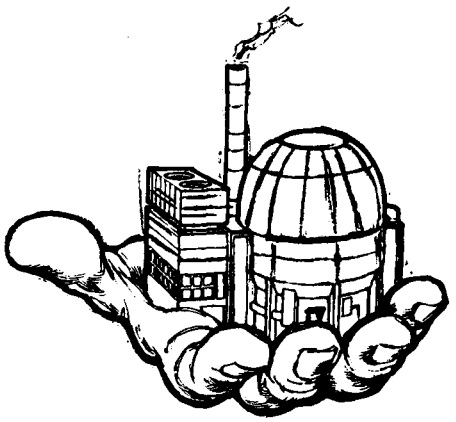
THE NUCLEAR POWER ISSUE

WILLIAM J. LANOUETTE



The debate shifts to a broader constituency

Last month, more than 5 million California voters participated in what was widely publicized to be America's first referendum on nuclear power. Never before had ordinary citizens been asked to make a politically-binding choice about the future of this complex and controversial technology. Never before had Albert Einstein's prophecy been realized, that "to the village square we must carry the facts of atomic energy. From there must come America's voice."

And when America's voice finally did come, three decades after Einstein's call, it sounded both decisive and confusing.

It was decisive because Proposition 15, the primary-ballot initiative to curtail the operation and expansion of nuclear power in the state, was defeated by a solid two-to-one margin: 3.6 million to 1.8 million.

But it was also confusing. For as the proposition was drafted, a "yes" vote meant saying "no" to nuclear power, and vice versa. Too, the facts and issues that bombarded voters for more than a year, and the subjective reactions that these invoked, were often peripheral to the still-unsolved conflicts of the nuclear-power debate.

Indeed, the facts and issues that the voters ultimately *did* decide on were just the ones most easily projected by the mass media: threats of economic and energy insecurity. The public was assaulted by dozens of competing claims, economic forecasts, promises, threats, fears—by radio, television, direct-mail appeal, bus poster, billboard, bumper sticker. By visual and verbal persuasion "Yes on 15" and "No on 15" became catch phrases for many personal concerns that defied both partisan and philosophical loyalties. It was as if the voters of the state were let into a menagerie of menacing fears, asked to browse around for a while, and then told they must decide which ones they'd prefer to take home and live with.

An anti-nuclear "yes" vote, according to the pro-nuclear "no" campaign, promised more inflation, more unemployment, more air pollution from fossil-fuel power plants, and more hardships for the poor as America's industrial growth and "standard of living" are stifled by future energy shortages. And a pro-nuclear "no" vote, according to the anti-nuclear "yes" campaign, promised more chances of a catastrophic nuclear-plant accident, more opportunities for terrorists to use nuclear materials against the public, more mindless materialism at the expense of a better "quality of life," and more perils from long-lived radioactive wastes for thousands of future generations.

In the campaign's final months some officials in the nuclear industry, and in federal and state government, became obsessed with Proposition 15, but more for its larger psychological impact than for its local political consequences. They warned one another, and the electorate, that if the "nuclear shutdown scheme works in California, [its backers] will carry the attack into other states, stopping only when the last American plant is padlocked. They'll do that despite the fact that the United States desperately needs every source of energy it can get to maintain its factories, farms, and homes. Your vote will keep open all of the energy options we have in California—and America. The country's needs have never been greater! Vote No on 15."

A few federal officials were swept up in this frenzy

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too. The San Francisco office of the Energy Research and Development Administration distributed thousands of pamphlets entitled *Shedding Light on Facts about Nuclear Energy*. Beginning with a cover that showed a shaft of light piercing the universe, and laid out with a style and simplicity reminiscent of grade-school catechisms, the handbook warned readers: "Americans are being asked to take sides on an issue that has become so fuzzy and emotional that it's hard to know WHO to believe. Isn't it time to shed some light on nuclear energy—to substitute facts for myth? Don't allow others to make decisions for you. Get the facts, then—Let your voice be heard!"

The booklet was quickly withdrawn from distribution, however, after public criticism that the Federal Government was meddling in a state-election campaign. An ERDA spokesman later conceded that some of the information was "in error" and that "some of the answers were a little simplistic."

Simplistic, too, were some of the threats and promises contained in some of the "Yes" and "No" "campaign literature," which isn't surprising considering the task of reducing a complicated technology to media slogans. Leaflets handed out by the "Yes" canvassers warned that "EMERGENCY SAFETY SYSTEMS HAVE NEVER BEEN FULLY TESTED . . . Scale model tests have failed six times out of six!" In fact some of the reactor backup systems have been tested, and have worked fairly well. Others haven't, though, and the scale model that failed "six times out of six!" was but one component of a larger system. (It's true, however, that no actual test of the crucial Emergency Core Cooling System has ever been run. And at a public debate at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles one of the "No" campaign's most effective speakers, nuclear engineer Paul Lorenzini, conceded that possibly they *wouldn't* work when he said that "to test a full-scale reactor you'd have to destroy it.") "No" literature warned that passage of Proposition "15 WILL HURT ELDERLY" and would cost "$7,500 per family."

If the "No on 15" people were warning voters more about bread-and-butter issues than the "Yes on 15" people were, they were also giving them more attention themselves. And considering their backers—electric utilities, corporations, reactor vendors—they found it easier to raise money than the "Yes" folks did raising voter consciousness. In the end the "No" campaign outspent proponents by about four to one, $3.5 million to $900,000, but to do this had to challenge in court a $1.2 million spending limit imposed by the state's new Campaign Reform Act. This the "No" forces did successfully by arguing that the dollar limit curtailed their freedom of speech. Thus they were able to raise a sizable war chest with large corporate donations, many from out of state.

The "Yes" campaign tried to capitalize on this disparity, and did its best to portray the vote as a "classic struggle" between the "little guy" and "big business." But shifting to this posture—from earlier emphasis on nuclear power's health and safety issues—may have hurt the "Yes" effort seriously. As one campaign analyst concluded after the election, voters probably heard this appeal and concluded "there's nothing special here—it's just an old-fashioned campaign after all," thus taking the "Yes on 15" challenge less seriously than they might have otherwise.

While the campaigning didn't amply reflect them, the three issues raised by Proposition 15 were at the heart of the ongoing nuclear-power debate. And they're likely to be among the half dozen most persistent issues for years to come: insurance, safety, and waste disposal.

David Pesonen, a former Sierra Club editor who is now a San Francisco lawyer, tried to raise these three issues by intervening at public hearings on the construction of several California nuclear plants. But when he couldn't halt their construction, because these issues are common to all plants and not just the ones he intervened in, he started looking for "a political device" that would bring his concerns to public attention. He failed to qualify for a ballot initiative by the May 1974 deadline, but cut his losses and started over that fall. By January 1975 he had half the signatures he needed. By this time he was also fast going broke.

"We were down to a zero bank balance the [January] day I went down to Palo Alto to talk to the Creative Initiative Foundation," Pesonen recalls. CIF is a nonprofit educational movement that encourages its 2,000 members to expand their social and moral concerns, and most of those who heard Pesonen's appeal for help saw a moral imperative in it and wanted to join the campaign. To protect the foundation's tax-exempt status they quickly formed a group called Project Survival, raised $20,000 and in two weeks had 150,000 more signatures.

By the final months of the campaign Project Survival had some 10,000 members, led mostly by CIF officers. It also provided much of the motivation, manpower, and money for the "Yes on 15" effort—and much of the public controversy too. For some of CIF's members, and their motives, became issues in the campaign. Nuclear-industry spokesmen labeled CIF a "cult" and charged that it had "brainedwashed" three high-ranking nuclear engineers at General Electric Co. to quit their jobs and work to pass the proposition. "No on 15" campaigners also blamed CIF for trying to impose "elitist, no-growth, Small-Is-Beautiful lifestyles" on a populace that really wanted more toasters and TVs. Encouraged by the "No on 15" committee, the California press spent almost as much time after the G.E. 3's resignations investigating CIF as it did covering the engineers' criticisms of the nuclear industry.

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"Those Project Survival types are the old Lefties, who eat Granola and think that conserving energy means shutting off the lights in their swimming pools," a "No on 15" campaign official said. And such criticism, while extreme, did have some truth to it. Jim Burch, a CIF leader and Project Survival's president, says it's "embarrassing" that the 10 families who head CIF live in a million-dollar housing complex yet argue for a simpler lifestyle. "They're pushing a socio-economic philosophy under the guise of being moral do-gooders," one nuclear-industry executive complained.

At times such name-calling even degenerated into mud-slinging, some of it with real mud. Pesonen charged that his opponents hired a band of scruffy-looking young people to carry "Yes on 15" signs outside a hall where he was speaking in ultra-conservative Orange County. A utility worker was sued for defacing a "Vote Yes on 15" yard sign in Corte Madera. And homes with "yes" signs elsewhere in the state were splattered with

mud. The "No on 15" campaign raised no complaint about any specific dirty tricks by the "Yes on 15" people, "unless," one spokesman added, "you include their outrageous lies."

In part, attention focused more on the campaign itself than the traditional issues because that was most visible, and because most voters' impressions of nuclear power were emotional or incomplete. For most of the nuclear industry's history the issues and options that shaped its future development have been considered behind closed doors by a few technical experts, business executives, and government officials, who all felt that they "knew best" how to serve the public interest. Too, much of the early information was secret because of its military applications, and frequently that tradition of secrecy has persisted in industry and the government.

The public's perception of atomic energy has changed only gradually since it burst into our collective consciousness—and consciences—from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Later, a succession of high-altitude bomb tests, with their peculiar mushroom-shaped clouds, and fears of "fallout" and Strontium 90 were our main concerns.

There were new moral dilemmas, some awesome and others awkward. Remember the debates, and soul-searching, about whether or not you should gun down your neighbors to keep them from invading your home fallout shelter?

Then, in 1953, Ike proclaimed Atoms for Peace at the U.N., dedicating America's military technology to benevolent ends: medical research and treatment, power for merchant ships, heat to generate electricity. In 1957 the first commercial power plant began operating in Shippingport, Pa., and now, two decades later, 53 are operating, five more are licensed to operate, 74 are under construction, and 104 planned.

To be sure, with any new technology accidents do occur, and some did with nuclear power. But these were either hushed up in classified documents or played down by utility public-relations campaigns intent on proving that nuclear plants could be "good neighbors" and would offer electricity "too cheap to meter."

Then came "Calvert Cliffs," the landmark Supreme Court decision about a reactor on Chesapeake Bay. In 1972, based on challenges related to that plant, the Court affirmed that the Atomic Energy Commission should consider environmental issues, as well as those of health and safety, when regulating nuclear plants. Since then environmentalists have had a field day, challenging construction permits and delaying the spread of nuclear plants. (While the issue of thermal pollution has diminished somewhat because of the introduction of cooling towers, it was revived recently when Calvert Cliffs plants received permission to dump hot water into Chesapeake Bay as an emergency procedure.)

Radioactive elements and their isotopes have known "half-lives"—the time it takes for half their particles to disintegrate to another form. Measured half-lives vary from millionths of a second to billions of years. And the half-lives of issues in the nuclear debate have varied too. Some were dismissed almost as quickly as they were raised, while others have persisted and appear to be very long-lived.

The first issues that arose with commercial nuclear power were low-level radiation and thermal pollution. Scientists charged that those living near a plant could receive unacceptable doses of low-level radiation, well below the AEC's permissible limits but having cumulative significance over the years. The standards on a few radiation sources were tightened, and the matter was largely forgotten. The AEC's standard reply to such charges, now carried on by its successor, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, is that you receive more radiation aboard one transcontinental airline flight than you do living for a year at the barbed-wire fence that surrounds a nuclear plant.

The AEC response to thermal pollution—caused when a reactor's waste heat is discharged into local bodies of water—was first to deny that it had any effect on marine life, then claim that the effect was actually beneficial; that, for example, new forms of shellfish were now living near the plant because the bay or river's

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temperature had risen. And because the nuclear legacy had first been so destructive, the commission strained credulity and the English language to make every event —no matter how unfortunate—seem positive. When an underground blast that was to create a crater produced a mound of earth instead, the AEC announced the formation of a "negative crater." Radioactivity became "sunshine units." And when a thermal-pollution "event" occurred recently in Long Island Sound, the reactor's operation was described as being "conducive to the mortality of the menhaden species."

The AEC/NRC, and the nuclear industry, were responsive to some critics, however. Many new plants have gigantic cooling towers to handle their waste heat, instead of dumping it into the nearest body of water, in part because of intervenor pressure to curb thermal pollution. Intervenors have also uncovered weaknesses in plant security; urged closer scrutiny of potential earthquake damage to plants; exposed welding defects in a reactor; and lobbied to split the AEC into two separate agencies, one that promotes nuclear power, the other that regulates it. Too, intervenors themselves have become an issue in the nuclear debate because industry and government officials charge that they delay the NRC's review process needlessly, confuse the issues through ignorance or exaggeration, and increase the costs of atomic energy.

California's recent proposition vote, and those scheduled this November in Oregon and Colorado, will have certainly shifted the nuclear power debate to a broader constituency. But in doing so there is also the danger that the many complicated issues will be increasingly oversimplified, and that the debate will be polarized into the absolute alternatives of "yes" or "no" votes. This would be unfortunate, indeed, considering the number of issues still unresolved. These include questions of safety, economy and morality, among them:

Safety: What are the risks and probabilities of a major accident? How effectively could local populations be evacuated from around a reactor that is releasing high levels of radiation? What damage could be caused by an accident during the transportation of nuclear materials? What threats do terrorists and saboteurs pose to the security of nuclear power and the stability of political order? What threats do long-lived radioactive wastes pose to future generations?

Economy: Are nuclear plants cost-competitive with coal-fired plants? Will uranium prices and supplies be adequate for the economical operation of nuclear plants during their predicted 40-year lifetimes? Will the need to import uranium lead to unacceptable doubts about future price and supply? Will effective uses be found for the large amounts of waste heat now produced by reactors? Will the costs of decommissioning plants, and disposing of wastes, add significantly to the cost of nuclear power? Will the Fast Breeder Reactor, which produces plutonium fuel from now-useless forms of uranium, prove to be safe and economical? Would the victims of a major nuclear accident be fairly compensated??

Morality: Is this generation morally justified to leave a radioactive legacy for future generations from a power source that is admittedly just temporary—until solar and other sources are perfected? Are the risks inherent in a serious reactor accident worth the benefits gained from the power it produces? Are adequate steps being taken to prevent national and sub-national use of atomic power for political purposes?

These questions aren't likely to be answered for some time, in part because of their technical complexities, and in part because they involve value and policy judgments that are just now being identified. And even if the nuclear debate does develop fairly rationally, there's still no guarantee that rational choices will be appreciated by the electorate. Just the opposite might happen, where majorities of voters are "scared into" supporting nuclear power by threats of future energy disruptions, or are "scared out" of using it for fear of the havoc an accident—or terrorists—could cause.

Indeed, the public arguments about nuclear power could take some new and unexpected directions in the years ahead, veering from the unanswered questions that confound us today and striking out for unexamined problems. It could even take a theological turn, where the morality of developing this controversial energy source becomes subjugated to profounder doubts. A young theology student, Jim Garrison, explored this very region when he took time off from writing a doctoral thesis at Trinity College (Cambridge) to prod a few of the voters in California. For the most part he found clergy and laity bemused by his proposals, although he says that a visit with San Francisco's Archbishop Joseph McGuckin prompted that churchman to make a personal statement—not binding on his congregation—in favor of Proposition 15.

"To most people in the Church," Garrison said during the campaign, "nuclear power is a non issue. The church has not articulated anything about it—by encyclical or other pronouncement—so it just doesn't exist. Yet it's the function of religion to give value to whatever is around us. And, like it or not, this *is* an atomic age. With atomic power we have the transformation of matter, molecular transformation, which is just what 'miracles' are all about. And without a theological approach to this power our understanding of it must be incomplete."

Incomplete or not, however, public understanding of the atom is likely to expand for some time to come. Publicity about Proposition 15 at least made more people aware that there is a debate going on over the atom's future, although the level of that debate isn't always the highest. Perhaps in Oregon and Colorado the issues will be more clearly defined, the meaning of a "yes" or "no"

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vote more carefully spelled out. With more public debate the extreme arguments of both sides may become more moderate, and the rhetoric more subdued.

Being the first of many, California's vote was probably destined to be confusing. But it did give opponents and proponents of nuclear power, and the press, some useful experience in trying to discuss this subject's specific problems with the general public. The California campaign produced another legacy, too. For as a compromise with the demands of the proposition, the nuclear industry supported—and the California Legislature enacted—three bills that assert the state's role in the regulating of nuclear power.

These bills authorize a one-year study of siting nuclear powerplants underground; make new-plant construction contingent on there being reprocessing facilities for spent fuel; and put to the Legislature the question of whether waste disposal can be safe. The three bills may still be challenged by the industry as "unconstitutional," or they may be curtailed by future amendments, but they, too, have set a precedent for the public debate on nuclear power, moving the controversy beyond the village square and into the statehouse. The outcome of California's voting, and the future of its three nuclear bills, may indeed be confusing. But from the events of recent weeks one result has become very clear: For good or for ill, the nuclear debate is now a thoroughly public and political process.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

ERIC COCHRANE

Mt. Athos: Not what it was, but timeless still

The kings of Persia had a hard enough time trying to get around Mt. Athos in the fifth century B.C. But the ordinary visitor has almost as hard a time just getting onto Mt. Athos today. He must spend a whole morning tramping from his consulate to the Ministry of Northern Greece and then to the Foreign Office of the Police Department in Thessaloníki—and he must add another half hour if he mistakes the "old" no. 25 for the "new" number on the Tsimiskí. He must push his way through the clutter of bags, crates, parked buses and impatient travelers that surround what passes for the KTEL ticket office on the Oliboû. Having missed the 2 P.M. bus, he will have to wait till 5; and after almost four hours of winding up and down the crest of the Cholomon, he will probably discover that the sun-worshiping former hosts of the ex-Gastarbeiter who owns the only hotel in Ouranopolis have taken the last room. A sleepless night on the beach and a breakfastless three-hour ride on the 7 A.M. boat will prepare him for another round of bureaucratic chaos at Dafni, the sole port of entry to the monastic republic; and a two-and-a-half hour hike (which is better than two hours of being tossed about in a rickety bus) will get him into the "capital" at Karié just as either the state police officer or the monastic officials have gone to lunch. Not till mid-afternoon will he be able to start forth, signed and sealed permit in hand, with the hope of reaching a monastery before dark.

After all this effort, the visitor may wonder why he bothered coming at all. He will soon find that Athos is no longer what it once was, either in the seventeenth century, when czars and sultans subsidized a building boom, or in the late nineteenth century, when ample continental landholdings supported a lively school of theology. The number of resident monks has dropped in this century from almost 8,000 to roughly 1,500; and to judge from the evident paucity of recruits (most of the younger residents are really visiting theology students preparing for the secular priesthood), the number will probably approach zero within a generation. Several entire monasteries (and almost all the isolated hermitages) have been completely abandoned. All the monasteries have at least one empty wing. Only one of them (that I noticed) shows any sign of repair or reconstruction work in progress. Even at the relatively populous Ayios Pavlou the frescoes are rapidly disappearing behind ever thicker layers of candle smoke. And the characteristic wooden balconies of Simonas Petras have almost wholly rotted away.

For the Catholic visitor, initial doubts may rapidly grow into severe disappointment. He will probably judge the liturgies to be little more than an endless (average: 3 hours) round of strolling about, lighting and blowing out candles, rattling censers, twirling candelabras, and kissing images—just the sort of external ritual that post-Vatican II Catholicism has tried so hard to shed. He will probably find the chanting "monotone, artless, turned in on itself" (as did Gerhard Pohl in *Wanderungen auf Athos,* Berlin 1960), even when it is occasionally well

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performed. He will probably interpret the distribution of blessed bread after the liturgy (the celebrant alone ever seems to communicate) as an abuse of the Eucharist. He will note that the monastic reception rooms, unlike those of the West, are totally free of theological and ecclesiastical journals, and that the dusty codices in the tightly-locked libraries are meant only to be admired, never to be studied. He will certainly be taken aback by the violent anti-Catholicism of the monks, even if he remembers that they denounced their own patriarch in 1963 for his ecumenical inclinations. Should he try to defend himself by suggesting that modern Catholics consider the *filioque* a dead question and papal infallibility an open one, he will probably be checked by some version of the "you're-all-Protestants" argument ("eímaste emeís katholikí; eseís eíste protestándi"). Should he ask why the monks persist in reading the Bible in *koiné* Greek, which almost none of them understands, he will be labeled as one of the "Pseudo-Witnesses of Jehoval," whose spoken (*dimotikí*) Greek bibles are denounced on huge posters in front of all the churches of Thessaloníki. And when faced with the sole alternative of unconditionally surrendering to the infallible "guardians of the true faith" (Bertold Spuler in *Gegenwartslage der Ostkirchen,* Frankfurt, 1968), he will probably rush gratefully back into the tolerant arms of his errant, troubled, poliform *Reformata Reformanda.*

Yet disappointment with the defects can give way to an appreciation of the merits of Athos if the visitor abides by a certain number of unwritten, but nonetheless universally observable, rules. First: Go alone. Solitude is a prerequisite for meditation and reflection, without which a religious pilgrimage inevitably degenerates into a Chaucerian pilgrimage. And permanent companions can be a bar to fruitful contacts with occasional companions, particularly with the many young Greeks and Italians, who are generally serious and well informed.

Second: Go on foot. Whoever arrives by the Dáfni-Ivíron bus or by the Esfigmenou-Lavras boat will be treated as an anonymous member of one more troublesome group (especially by the cook). But whoever arrives alone after having made a visible physical effort will be rewarded with oúzo, coffee, candied fruit and friendly conversation.

Third: Respect the established dietary regulations and abstain from such standard hikers' items as canned meat, cheese and sausages. But bring along a good supply of dextrose tablets, chocolate bars and, above all, a shaker for preparing the latest of Greek delicacies, nescafé frappé. Wild figs and blackberries, the only available supplement to the sparse and vitamin-free monastic table, will simply not keep the body going for five hours under the hot sun—particularly when five hours suddenly stretches into seven as a result of straying from badly-marked and overgrown trails.

Fourth: Be sure you know enough modern Greek, the sole and universal language of the residents, to be able to carry on, and not just listen to, conversations. If you are stuck at my own *Wo-ist-der-Bahnhof* level, you will be forced to depend, as I was, upon one Greek monk who spoke some French, one Greek-American monk who spoke Mid-Western English (that's Father Gregorios at Dionisiou), an Italian school teacher who spoke good Greek, a Colombian Benedictine Eastern-Rites specialist who spoke Italian, and whatever Athenian students were patient enough to hear me through to the end of my tortured sentences.

Fifth: Learn as much as possible about the history, the theology and the liturgy of the Eastern Church, and do not rely solely, as I did, on the well-known Western authorities, like Timothy Ware and Jaroslav Pelikan. Similarly, learn more about Athos itself than I did by reading the standard travelogs, like Carlo Hemmer's *Wanderer auf Athos* (Luxemburg, 1964) and Philip Sherrard's *Athos, The Mountain of Silence* (Eng. tr.; London, 1960). Above all, do not pretend to get much out of the romantic prose of the only guidebook available for purchase (*Athos,* published in three languages by the Patriarchal Institute for Patristic Studies in Thes-

saloníki), no matter how much you may be charmed personally by the jovial, friendly author, Thomas Provatakis, who is usually around. Try instead looking up some of the published writings of the monks themselves, most of which are cited in the authorities' footnotes.

Sixth, and most important: Remember that all other motives are secondary—delighting in the spectacle of unspoiled nature, admiring Byzantine art (most of it dates from the eighteenth century anyway), looking for old manuscripts (all of which have been catalogued), or transcribing inscriptions (most of which are printed in Gabriel Millet's *Recueil des inscriptions*). The only legitimate motive for a trip to Athos is the one recognized by the founders and present custodians of the monasteries: the quest for God. The Greeks appropriately call the mountain not Athos, which is the name only of the highest peak, but *To Ayion Oros,* "the Holy Mountain"; and they insist that even the forests on the mountains are a sign of God's presence ("o dásos eínai tháfma Theoû," warn the no-smoking signs).

Guided by these rules, the visitor will be able to take

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full advantage of those conditions of life on Athos that most distinguish it from the rest of the world. For one thing, he will discover that modern civilization has been effectively excluded—all of it, that is, except the truck on the new dirt road to Simonas Petras, the telephone line to Lavras, and the small generator that ignites the 3-watt bulbs after 8 P.M. at Vadopedioù. There are no cars, no bars, no television, no newspapers, no beer cans, and, most surprising of all, no noise ("please lower your voice," ordered one monk when I had raised it just enough to be heard by three people at once). There is nothing but the sound of monks chattering on their verandas in the evening, of mules shuffling up and down steep paths, of waves splashing onto bright white beaches upon which no Sardinian resort builder has ever set foot. For another thing, the visitor will discover that both the comforts and the distractions of the flesh have been effectively eliminated. Seagulls alone elude the rigorous exclusion of all female animals— although they are probably not envisaged in the Deuteronomy prohibitions against possible alternatives to normal sexual relations. Olives provide the only substantial ingredient in a menu limited almost wholly to bread, tomatoes and bean soup —as the emaciated frames of the monks clearly demonstrate. Bathing facilities consist of a single tap in a drafty hall (which the monks scrupulously avoid, to judge by the grey color of their skin). Toilet facilities consist of a hole projected out over a cliff—which is something of a shock for one used to the $1,200 private bathrooms that adorn the "cells" of most American monasteries. And beds consist of thin straw mattresses on wooden bunks. That reduces the bodily pleasures to one alone: the sensation of a sweaty body as it hurls itself, once out of sight of a monastery, into the cool, blue sea. But that is a pleasure even the most obdurate Platonist would probably find irresistible.

Most important of all, the visitor will discover that time has been turned off. Or, more precisely, it has been reduced, as it was on Thomas Mann's Magic Mountain, to an ever-repeating cycle of daily meals and annual feasts—without beginning, without end, without direction and without the one element that might justify its inclusion among Kant's categories: change. Years are still counted according to the Julian, not the Gregorian calendar, and hours are counted according to standard time, not the daylight-saving time observed in the rest of Greece. Icon painters still reproduce only slightly Disneyfied versions of the same images their predecessors have been reproducing for centuries—with the happy result that they are easily distinguishable from pin-ups on bus drivers' dashboards. Portraits of ex-king Constantines still hang beside fifteen-year-old photographs of the restored prime minister Karamanlis; and no one is sure which of them is the current incarnation of the eternal Constantine the Great as king of the Hellenes, or, more accurately, as Emperor of the Romans *(Aftokrator tôn Romôn)*. The Greeks have always had a king, explained one monk (Pericles, Demosthenes and certain sultans notwithstanding); and since the king is an essential part of the church hierarchy, they always will have one.

Thus liberated from the bonds of time, modernity and the flesh, the visitor can at last begin climbing up the thirty-two-step ladder toward heaven that is depicted on the walls of the refectory at Dionisiou. But since he cannot hope to accomplish in the 10- to 14-day limit of his permit what the fifth-century mystic who inspired the fresco prescribed as the work of a lifetime, he would do well at the same time to reflect upon what of his experiences might be of immediate value to his fellow Catholics back home. He may, for instance, have learned something about ecumenism. To define the reunification of the churches in terms solely of an act of contrition on the part of wayward brothers will undoubtedly seem to him as an oversimplification of a complicated problem, particularly in the light of the failure of such definitions in the West to attract converts from Protestantism. But to insist that the Orthodox begin by accepting doctrines promulgated without their advice and consent in relatively recent times will probably succeed no better today than it did at the abortive Council of Ferrara-Florence in the fifteenth century. And Catholics today, if they wish to heal the nine-century-old schism, will have to begin by reconsidering their previous distinctions between what is binding doctrine and what is pious belief.

The visitor may also have learned something about the relative value of uniformity and diversity. The Western Church has generally preferred the former—in the thirteenth century, when Innocent III claimed feudal jurisdiction over distant kingdoms, in the sixteenth century, when Pius V proclaimed papal supremacy in temporal as well as in spiritual matters, and in the nineteenth century, when Pius IX asserted the right of papal appointment to all episcopal sees. Indeed, in the light of one complete disaster (the English schism) and of several near-disasters (the Concordat of Bologna and the Civil Constitution of the Clergy), this preference may well have been justified. The Greeks, on the other hand, have preferred the latter. Notwithstanding the purely accidental Hellenization of recent decades, the Athos monastic federation, like the loose confederation of autocephalic churches that make up Orthodoxy in general, manages to tolerate a broad diversity of organization and rite without ever compromising the adherence of all to the same fundamental doctrines. The Greeks' preference may also be justified. After all, even in its accentuated Counter-Reformation form, uniformity has not saved the Western Church from a constant round of doctrinal squabbles over the past four centuries, from Molinism to Modernism. And now that nationalism is rapidly vanishing in the more advanced states of the West, it

(Continued on page 499)

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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Why the cost of telephone service has gone up less than the cost of almost anything else.

In the late 1920's, in a Chicago factory, the history of industrial relations reached a turning point. The plant, the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, made telephones and telephone equipment for the Bell System. And in 1927 its managers had a puzzle.

The Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, scene of what one economist called "the most exciting and important study of factory workers ever made."

For more than two years the company had been studying plant lighting and its relation to efficiency. (It was the era of the "efficiency expert" and "scientific management.") Increases in illumination were followed by increases in production, as expected. But decreases in light levels were also followed by increases in production. Two young women even maintained good production under light no brighter than moonlight.

It became clear that light had only a minor effect, and that there were many other variables to be identified. To solve the puzzle, the company undertook a further study, carried on jointly with the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The researchers selected a group of six competent, experienced women, explained what they were trying to do, and requested their cooperation. Over a period of twenty-six months, the researchers added rest periods and snacks to the group's work schedule, shortened the work day, and then returned to the original schedule. The group showed an almost unbroken rise in average hourly production and also in total weekly production, even when the week was five hours shorter than at the start. At the end, their production was 30 percent above the beginning level.

The Hawthorne Experiments made it clear that the "scientific management" theory of the day relied too heavily on methods borrowed from the physical sciences. Two major conclusions are widely accepted now, but then their application to factory work was new:

People work better when they feel they are part of a team.

People work better when they feel what they are doing is important.

Today most businesses are aware of "group dynamics" and "job enrichment." But the lessons of Hawthorne have shaped

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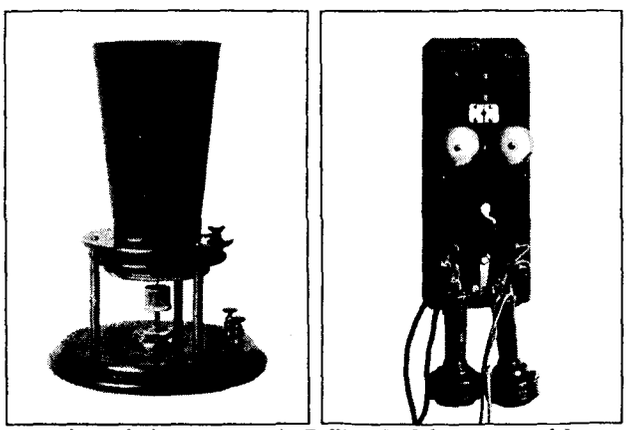
policy for many years, not just in Western Electric factories but in all parts of the Bell System. And the Bell System is still a leader in the exploration of factors affecting industrial productivity.

The prices of most telephone equipment made by Western Electric currently average 20 percent below the prices of other suppliers. Why?

New products for the Bell System are usually designed at Bell Laboratories, the research and development arm of the System. Bell Labs also sets quality standards. But at an early stage manufacturing engineers from Western Electric sit down with the designers and look for ways to save. All companies know that's the best time to cut costs; in the Bell System, that knowledge guides practice. The search for reduced costs continues after production begins. Every aspect of manufacturing is under constant reexamination. Western Electric's engineering cost reductions alone totaled $198 million in first-year savings in 1975.



An early improvement in Bell's 1876 laboratory model phone was the addition of a bell.

Yet none of these achievements would take place unless the people involved were convinced that it is important to produce good telephones at low cost. Phillip S. Babb of McKinsey and Co., management consultants, made this analysis in an interview published in the journal *International Management:*

> Western Electric has succeeded in making cost-cutting a central part of the ethos, the value system, by which their people live. Driving costs down—with retained high quality—is what they spend their working lives at. It is what they take their pride in. It is their way to the corporate top.

To put it another way, the business of the Bell System is providing good telephone service at reasonable cost; Western Electric's activities are directed toward that service goal, rather than toward simply making products.

That service goal characterizes all parts of the Bell System, including the twenty-three regional operating companies and the Long Lines Department. All the parts work closely together to achieve that goal, and all benefit as a result. The operating companies provide telephone service and report, through AT&T, to Bell Labs and Western Electric their needs and the needs of telephone users. Bell Labs and Western Electric design and manufacture equipment to meet known needs as well as the best estimates of expected needs. And the local companies are assured of having the products customers want. To use the vocabulary of the economist, vertical integration with organizational feedback enhances productivity throughout the Bell System.

Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, made a study of how this corporate structure affects costs for telephone service. According to their report, written in 1974:

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Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices....The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies.

Western Electric's first commercially successful vacuum tube (left) was used in 1915 in the amplifiers that made possible the first transcontinental telephone call. Solid-state electronics, begun at Bell Labs, makes it possible for tiny integrated circuits (right) to do the work of many vacuum tubes.

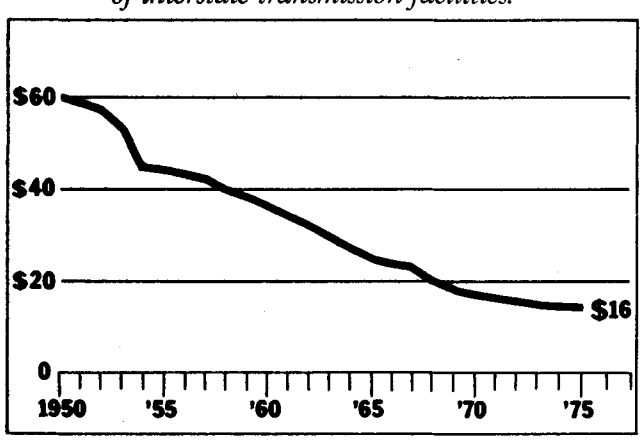
Another major factor affecting productivity is investment in new technology—in research and development. Bell Laboratories is recognized worldwide as one of the leading development and research institutions anywhere. The achievements of Bell Labs people have won two Nobel prizes, one for the demonstration of the wave nature of matter, and the other for the invention of the transistor.

The search for new and better technology has always been a part of the telephone industry. On March 10, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson achieved that famous first telephone message, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you." At once they began to improve the instrument, and make it more usable. The goal, then as now, was to provide good telephone service at a price almost every American could afford.

The effect of research and engineering on costs can be seen most readily by considering how it has changed methods of transmitting calls. Bell Labs scientists found ways to send many conversations simultaneously through a pair of wires, and later through coaxial cables. They incorporated microwave radio into transmission systems for long distance calls.

In just the last quarter century, such improvements have reduced the average cost per circuit mile of the Bell System nationwide long distance network from $60 to $16. (See graph.) The cost of the newest coaxial cable system is less than $2 per circuit mile.

Average cost per circuit mile of interstate transmission facilities.



But Bell engineers are not satisfied. Already they are preparing the technology for even greater economies and capacities when call volumes reach a level to justify using it. The new Comstar domestic satellite—being used jointly by the Bell System and GTE Satellite Corporation—in addition to standard communications traffic will

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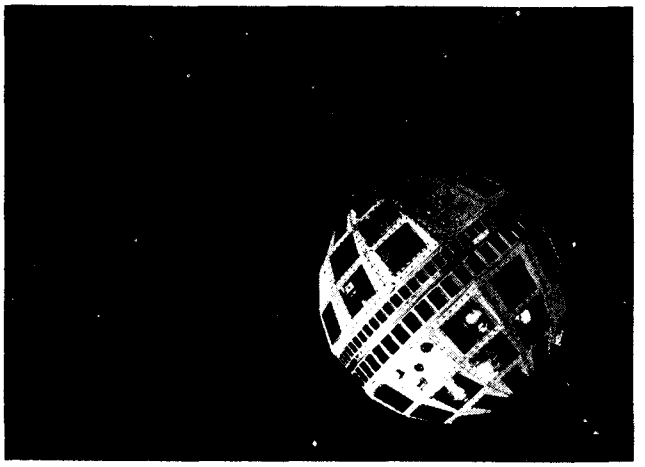
beam experimental signals to an extraordinarily precise antenna so that Bell Laboratories scientists can investigate super-high frequencies that could provide increased satellite capacity in the future. And new systems, using millimeter waveguides or laser light and glass fibers, are expected to reduce transmission costs and add new capacity also.

Another simple way to measure how technology improves productivity is to look at the number of Bell System people required to serve each 10,000 telephones. In 1925 it took 246. In 1958 it took 148. Today it takes 65.

Finally, the Bell System seeks to improve productivity by improving the methods used to manage the telephone business. For instance, the teamwork of Western Electric and Bell Labs people was cited earlier. To facilitate their interaction, some Bell Labs people work adjacent to Western Electric plants. A significant reduction has resulted in the time required to get a new design from drawing board to actual production.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on computerized information retrieval for the mountain of data connected with serving 118.5 million telephones. It is moving toward a standardized format for recording and storing data, to make more efficient use of computers.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on new methods of employee training, on the restructuring of jobs, and on



The Bell Systems's Telstar® satellite demonstrated the feasibility of using space satellites for communications.

efforts to build more responsibility, challenge and satisfaction into jobs at all levels. Experience to date indicates that these changes help people do a better job, reduce employee turnover, and consequently improve productivity as well.

That is exactly the result one would expect, on the basis of the 1927 Hawthorne findings. The Bell System has changed a lot since 1927. But it still emphasizes people, research, manufacturing efficiency and an organizational structure that fosters teamwork.

Data issued by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased 50% since 1965. That is two-and-a-half times the productivity increase of the United States economy as a whole.

In that same decade, the cost of living rose 75%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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may be possible at last to carry out the Tridentine project for provincial and national synods and to permit other variations in the liturgy than just that of language.

Most important of all, modern Catholics might learn from Athos a better appreciation of the profundity of what Trent itself declared to be one of the two sources of religious doctrine: tradition. Two forms of tradition have long been recognized in the West. The first is the one associated with the various groups of so-called "traditional Catholics," and it usually consists in a demand for a return to practices and doctrinal emphases current at one time or another in the past. The second, just the opposite, is the one once associated with John Henry Newman's concept of doctrinal development and currently associated with the Johannine concept of *aggiornamento*. While recognizing the basically unchanging nature of doctrine in general, this form of tradition provides for the gradual "discovery" of previously unformulated doctrines and for the rectification or explication of previous formulations in the light of new historical circumstances.

By themselves, unfortunately, both these forms of tradition have proven to have certain disadvantages. The first has often been a-historical. That is, it has established as eternally binding what in fact was merely the result of historically contingent conditions—those, say, of the late thirteenth century or the late nineteenth century. And it has produced such aberrations as the pontificate of Paul IV, the Venetian Interdict and the Syllabus of Errors. The second has often been vitiated by the assumption that the latest theological formations are qualitatively the best: Thomas Aquinas superseded Augustine, Suarez superseded Thomas, Charles Curran obliterates Alfonso de' Liguori, and Hans Küng erases Vatican I. It has also been subject to manipulation, as Karl Morrison demonstrated in his *Tradition and Authority in the Western Church* (Princeton, 1969). Sentences from the Fathers and the Councils have been torn out of context and rescrambled to give them completely new meanings. Century-old local rites have been wiped out in a day, even over the opposition of such powerful advocates as Charles Borromeo of Milan. And the Tridentine Latin mass, upon which Catholics were nourished for four hundred years, has been abolished even in the legally a-national basilicas of Rome. It is thus not surprising that some Catholics have tried to escape from tradition altogether—some behind a barrage of metaphysical abstractions borrowed from Aristotle or Seneca, others behind a Catholicized version of the Lutheran doctrine of *Sola Scriptura*.

But there is still another form of tradition: the one that is acclaimed today on Athos and that was accepted throughout the Church before the time of Gregory VII. Tradition in this form consists in preserving and transmitting pure, untouched and unaltered the entire doctrinal and religious heritage, not just of the Apostolic age, but also of the age of the Fathers and the first ecumenical councils—those councils, that is, which are represented symbolically in the frescoes of Lavras. True, this form too has its dangers. It can encourage atrophy, apathy and a total divorce between the sacred and the secular. But when combined with or balanced by the other two, it can produce profound renovations in the life of the Church—as it did most notably at the time of Erasmus, Sadoleto, Paleotti and the Christian humanists. It can also save the other two from their former aberrations. Much more effectively than the occasional pronouncements of ecclesiastical authority, it can provide a universally acceptable standard for judging the orthodoxy of novelties, and it can direct all efforts at restoration toward the same epoch in the past.

As it summons and disperses the vapors that swirl around it, and as it turns the calm Aegean suddenly into a forest of whitecaps, so for centuries the white peak of Athos has served as the mighty guardian of those who have fled this world. But if the wounds of a fractured Christendom are ever healed, it may also one day serve as a guide for those who labor daily to push this world onward toward its destined goal.

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E. S. O'NEILL

SWIMMING

Full of hazards and beauty,
swimming is a kind of living,
riding in the upper layer
of something beyond understanding deep.

All around me are changing surfaces
green blue gold dull bright
mirroring pieces of boats, bits of birds,
sections of shore all distorted,

dazzling, everything equal and bright
on the skin of the water, whose innards
churn darkly suggesting
white bellies and teeth, the stately

fronds of immense brown waving forests,
seeds of salt bubbles with leather edges
cutting coral and incurled oystershell baleful
around sightless pearls and breast-pink nacreous shapes.

My toes stretch and recoil from all this knowledge,
sensing the deeper cold, the darkening layers
I cannot know, and my breath comes short, fearing,
until I roll back upwards into the dazzle

and shatter the mirroring facets, striking shorewards
back to the known sand and the harmless birds.

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CREEPING FAD, CREEPY PARODY

THE SCREEN

It's hard to imagine two art forms more different than stage comedy and screen comedy. Of course, both require timing, precision, control, etc. and because screen comedy usually relies on long shots, in that genre more than any other movies also work at the same distance from the audience as stage plays. But in a stage play the control that's needed to produce the laughs usually has to carry over into the personality of the hero. Not only are the playwright and actor in control of their character, but the character is in control of the situation in which they have placed him. Essentially the hero of a stage comedy has to be funny with his mouth, and the only way to do that is to manipulate or obliterate what everyone else is saying or doing—in other words, to be in control. Drawing room comedy of the sort written by Noel Coward is what plays best on the stage, and the archetypal hero who appears in it is always some elegant cosmopolite like Coward himself.

On the screen comedy is more naturally physical than mental. It relies on acrobatics instead of wit. This is partly because screen comedy was at first a silent medium and had no choice about how it would be funny. But it is also because movies by their very character invite the sort of sight gags, stunt work and optical illusions that cannot be done on the stage. Re-takes and editing make it possible to execute stunts that couldn't be dared on the stage. A movie gives the comedian lots of chances to get a stunt right once, whereas on the stage he has only one chance each night to get it right time and time again. Because the comedy in movies tends to be physical, the hero cannot be the dominant sort of fellow he is on the stage. To put someone else down verbally is funny; to pick him up and put him down physically is villainous. Consequently, in movies all that control must be hidden in the hero himself. It must serve, paradoxically, to make him look like a clod, a buffoon. The artist keeps control while the character he plays must appear to lose it all the time. The archetype of the artist-hero is here not Noel Coward, but Charlie Chaplin.

This is just as true of Cary Grant and William Powell as it is of Chaplin. In *Silent Movie* Mel Brooks realizes it, too; but in *Murder by Death,* Neil Simon doesn't. Both these films are ostensibly part of the movie-savvy, movie-crazy fad for parodies. Brooks has been mining this vein for several years now, Westerns in *Blazing Saddles* and horror films in *Young Frankenstein.* But Simon is a newcomer, and an opportunist who shows he hasn't really given enough thought to movies to parody them successfully. Simon is trying to take off all the great detectives who have been featured in movies over the years—Sam Spade, Charlie Chan, the Thin Man, Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple—but he manages only to rip them off instead. As a plot for this grab bag, Simon lifts the story line from *Ten Little Indians,* a movie made in the 1940s and based on an Agatha Christie work. In it a group of people are invited to an island retreat where their host is not present and all his guests begin to be murdered one at a time. In Simon's version, all the aforementioned detectives are invited to a manor house one night by a host very much there, in the person of Truman Capote, who challenges them to solve a murder yet to be committed.

Though *Murder by Death* is allegedly a movie, the five detectives and their host are in fact six stage characters who've found their author. By throwing together a bunch of master detectives in a manor house Simon has provided himself with six quip artists and concocted a run-of-the-mill drawing room comedy. "I am number one here," announces Capote when he joins his guests. "You look more like number two to me, if you know what I mean," retorts the Sam Spade character. Even leaving aside the overemphasis of "if you know what I mean," this stuff is a pretty pale imitation of Noel Coward, and pitiful fare for a movie. (Out of respect for the occasional good work done by the cast, I won't mention who they are.)

It was Bergson, as I recall, who observed that comedy is mechanical—that it occurs when people act like machines. Simon has become a little confused on this point, though, and thinks his plays will be funny when *he* acts like a machine. He meshes the characters he creates—a butler who is blind, for instance, with a cook who is deaf and dumb—just like the cogs of gears; and with five leading characters, all of them in exactly the same predicament, Simon can't resist the temptation to mass-produce jokes. Once the first detective to arrive has had a gargoyle pushed off the roof on him as he knocks on the front door, Simon has to have every detective in turn suffer the same fate as if the whole movie were proceeding down an assembly line. The title sets the tone for most of the gags in this movie. They're redundant too.

Brooks' *Silent Movie* could easily have been just as mechanical in its execution, for it too reworks the same situation four or five times. The situation is that a has-been director named Funn (Brooks himself) is trying to make a comeback by lining up a lot of stars to act in a silent movie. What keeps Brooks' treatment from becoming repetitious is that he works the opposite way from Simon. Rather than beginning with a plot premise, like the falling gargoyle which he then has to try make funny five different ways, Brooks obviously begins with the end result of the gag, some funny visual that has occurred to him, and just makes the plot lead up to it somehow. One such gag Brooks includes, for ex-

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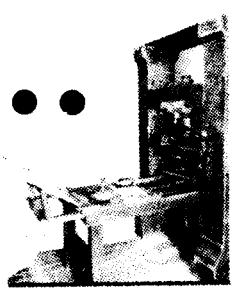
ample, is the sight of a stilt-man in a raincoat run over by a steamroller whose driver thinks he has squished a giant. To work up to this gag, Brooks simply has Funn approach Burt Reynolds for the film by standing on the shoulders of two assistants (Dom DeLuise and Marty Feldman) inside such a raincoat. The steamroller is passing in the street as Reynolds loses patience and tackles this triple-decker, etc.

The fact is that the very irrelevance of this whole routine to the plot makes it all the funnier. Chaplin worked in just this way in his silent movies too, spinning out an insane plot in order to string together the sight gags, and making us just that much more receptive to the gags as a result. As Brooks also understands, like Chaplin, when you put such physically improbable gags before the camera, it will be in little, accidental details of the execution that the gags will become truly hilarious. The lip of his suit of armor gets hooked on the arm of a chair, and knocks it off, as Funn approaches Lisa Minnelli during the shooting of a costume drama. Thus a funny concept that Brooks visualized becomes a hysterical sight gag. What Neil Simon attempted doesn't even allow for the possibility of this sort of thing. Simon's ideas never had a chance.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

COVERING CARTER

PRESS



When *The New York Times Index* for 1976 is published next year it is going to contain thousands of references to Jimmy Carter and page on page of tiny, dense, eye-straining type describing his day-to-day progress toward the White House, whether or not he manages to make it all the way. No one but the proofreaders will ever read it all, but even if someone should I wonder if he will have gained much sense of just who Jimmy Carter is. The problem does not appear to be Carter himself; he shows no signs of sharing the elusive, enigmatic quality of Richard Nixon, say, or Eugene McCarthy, the archetypal Sphinx of the election of 1968. But Carter seems to have eluded reporters all the same. The reason, I suspect, is that they have been looking for him where he isn't.

But where to look for him? Hunter Thompson went after him in the Georgia governor's mansion more than a year ago and brought back, much later, the oddest, and by a country mile the longest, of all Carter stories. The account of their meeting in Thompson's story, publishing in *Rolling Stone* this spring, is less interesting for what he tells us directly—they had breakfast together, and later Thompson listened to Carter make a speech—than for Thompson's groping attempt to evoke Carter's character.

I have heard a lot of criticism of this story, mostly from people who take Thompson more seriously as a writer than as a reporter. The facts which Thompson gathers are abundant, as a rule, and practically all beside the point. In *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, his account of the 1972 election, he includes all sorts of irrelevant detail—what he had for breakfast (grapefruit and Wild Turkey), where he was standing when he interviewed George McGovern (in the next urinal), why Random House owed him a trip to Pennsylvania (their nightwatchman killed his snake), the performance characteristics of his rented car (fishtails on the curves), and so on. Buried within the irrelevant detail are one or two facts of fundamental and permanent historical value, like Thompson's answer to the long-troubling question of whether or not Richard Nixon *really* knew or cared a hoot about professional football. The answer, in a word, was yes.

Thompson's story about Carter was of a different sort. It read a bit like the last published story (I hope it's not the last, but one begins to lose hope) of J. D. Salinger, which fiercely focused at uncompromising length on the precise meaning of a single incident in the early life of Seymour Glass. I forget the incident, now, but I remember the obsessive tedium with which it was unveiled. Thompson went after Carter in the same way, running on and on and *on* about Carter's speech without ever quite reaching the point where he felt free to tell us what Carter *said*. Thompson himself is a man of such infinite variety that he is never truly boring, but in this case, his critics said, he had produced a five-pound box of chocolates, every last one with liquid cherry centers, a rich feast, perhaps, but too much for a single sitting.

Thompson, of course, did not leave out Carter's speech (of which he has a tape) through simple inadvertance. He was telling us, in a way far too roundabout for the columns of any conventional newspaper, that the facts didn't matter so much as their effect. He was offering himself as a kind of litmus, a sensitive human observer whose reaction to Carter would tell us what sort of man he was. Forget the words, Thompson was saying; let me tell you what I *heard*. This is a dangerous approach, inviting such rude rejoinders as Who the hell are you?, etc., but up to a point it worked. Thompson picked up a certain resonance in Carter's speech, the outer ranges of bass and treble lost through most amplifiers and speaker systems. He picked up what he took to be the timbre of the man—a degree of

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human concern, an element of seriousness which went beyond a list of issues, a quality of desire beyond the usual politician's ambitions. Thompson had nothing to offer us but this: he liked the man, he trusted him, and he felt there was something to him.

We can take this approach or leave it, as we will, but it raises again the question of how one properly ought to write about a presidential candidate. What do the voters need to know, and how are reporters to find it out? What matters? What gives a candidate genuine size and stature? When does a candidate betray himself —when he cries during a press conference, as Muskie did, or when he more or less declines to campaign at all, as Nixon did? Does the source of his funding matter more than his voting record in Congress? How important is the fact that he washes his socks and makes his bed on the campaign trail?

That is the very first thing I recall learning about Jimmy Carter. I was struck by it, but I also found myself wondering suspiciously where the reporter found that out? Did he see it himself? Did Carter tell him? Did his press secretary? Does Carter still wash his socks and make his bed, now that he's so much closer to the White House? Does it matter?

The Carter stories I remember now, without going back through old clips, were stories which struck me as nit-picking stories, the very sort I might have written myself about the sock-washing report. One whole series centered on his verbal blunder about "ethnic purity." I concede there's an issue in there somewhere, but reporters pounced on it and shook it by the neck until I began to wonder if Nixon and Watergate had turned them into some sort of predatory species. More than one reporter recalled George Romney's "brainwashing" blunder in 1968, which certainly destroyed Romney as a candidate, but for all the wrong reasons, and without one reporter even realizing, so far as I remember, that it *was* for the wrong reasons. The reporters following Carter were all loaded for bear and put questions to him about ethnic purity in broadsides. What did he mean? Would the blacks desert him now? Was this the backdoor route to the busing issue? Had he shown his true regional colors? The reporters were trying to be properly skeptical, objective and acute, I know, but all the same their stories struck me as having a tone close to malicious.

There was a similar reaction to the discovery that Carter was altering a reference in his basic campaign speech when he appeared in the South. In the North, it was reported, he would cite the great leaders of the recent past—Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King. But in the South he was heard to leave King's name *off the lists* This did not make front pages the way ethnic purity did, but the controversy seemed to share the same relentless, carping, nit-picking tone. It was as if the press spoke in a crabbed, schoolmarm's voice, saying, We've got our eye on you, Carter. You may get away with things down home, but up here we don't make allowances, and we're going to *find you out.*

Much of this can be explained by Carter's position as the front-runner, but not all of it. Some special resentment seemed to focus on Carter because of the central theme of his campaign, a promise that not just his administration but *he* was going to be different. In particular, he was not going to lie, he was not going to make shallow promises, he was not going to run the government like a ward heeler handing out plum jobs. In plain words, he was going to restore an element of honesty and simplicity to Washington. Such claims and others like them have an artlessness which invites skepticism. When a man tells you he won't ever lie to you, it's natural to check his record to see if *that's* a lie. Fair enough. But a lot of early reporting about Carter struck me as less skeptical than downright hostile.

Several reporters I talked to in the early stage of the campaign spoke of Carter as if he were a charlatan and fraud unprecedented even in recent history, which is saying plenty. The case was always meticulous, citing chapter and verse, but it often struck me as having a faintly hysterical air. Carter said he reorganized 24 government agencies in Georgia, but the record shows he only reorganized 19: That sort of thing. Most stories about Carter seemed to miss the essence and seize on the trivial, until one of the reporters who had been critical in the beginning strangely echoed Thompson's story in *Rolling Stone*. Before she went to hear Carter in person she thought of him as some sort of Southern con artist pushing a political Ponzi scheme, but then he got up to speak and everything changed. It wasn't what he said—she couldn't remember the words. It was the way he said it, the human emotion behind the words, a resonance of such richness it dispelled her suspicions. She tried to put it into a story, but lacking Thompson's luxuriant space for mood-setting, she captured only part of what she had told me herself. Even so she managed to convey a good deal missing from stories sticking only to the issues.

The last thing we need at this moment is a man on a horse, even if it's a white horse. Most of the issues of the last decade still matter and are still pending. If we forget the details learned at such cost we're going to wake up at the beginning of some future decade and find it's 1960 again. I am not trying to take reporters to task for learning the lessons of Vietnam and Watergate, although at moments, when the matter at hand is essentially trivial, I sometimes think the lessons have been learned too well. I wonder what Carter means to do, just like everyone else, but I am not sure there is much to be found out by dissecting what he says and rechecking the addition on his tax returns. His interests are not the same as those of the reporters covering him,

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but that does not mean their relationship can be conducted only as an adversary proceeding. The solution is not to be uncritical, but to be critical in a new way.

As it is, too many stories about Carter betray an anxiety of being taken in and gulled again, as if there were no ground, no stance to take, between the prosecutor's and the high-school cheerleader's. So far Carter has won precious few cheerleaders; even Hunter Thompson has refused to surrender his heart. But the prosecutors have missed Carter by somehow asking the wrong questions, and then checking his answers too closely for perjury, while Carter himself proceeds toward the White House not as an enigma, but as an unknown.

THOMAS POWERS

NIGHTMARE WITHOUT END

MICHAEL MOFFITT

The crisis of world poverty

In a Latin American country, Mrs. Escobar sits smiling under a crucifix and tells a British journalist that she has few worries. But at night, she and her husband share two beds in a tiny room with their five children. Elsewhere in Latin America, the journalist talks with seven mothers who have given birth to a total of sixty-five children. Thirty of them died of malnutrition and routine diseases before the age of five. An African man tells the story of how rapidly disease can spread in his village if there is too much rain. The rain causes open ditches containing untreated sewage to overflow, thus carrying the sewage under the doors of nearby huts. In India, scores of women monotonously pound coconuts with huge clubs so that the fibers can be salvaged to make various goods. Doing this for five hours earns these women the right to one day's food for their families. Oftentimes, there is no work and consequently, no food. Finally there is the sight of a woman, whose growth has obviously been stunted by an inadequate diet, holding a very young child. The child's belly is bulging because it is full of parasites. If she survives, her mental and physical development will still be permanently impaired. For these people as for most of the rest of their counterparts throughout the underdeveloped world, time is indeed of the essence.

Five Minutes To Midnight, a production of World Focus Limited of London and directed by Alan Hart, presents a view of reality that is hardly new. For those familiar with living conditions in the underdeveloped countries, such scenes are commonplace. Yet the sensitive viewer's attention does not waver. This film depicts in striking and often horrifying detail the realities of human existence for the vast majority of people in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America—where over two-thirds of humanity lives. "All of the nuclear bombs in the world," as Brazilian Archbishop Dom Helder Camara once put it, "are nothing compared to the misery in the womb of the Third World."

Appropriately, the world premiere of this two-hour film took place at the opening of the United Nations' Seventh Special Session. The session was convened to consider concrete proposals of the Group of 77 non-aligned nations (of which there are actually over 100) for the creation of what is referred to as a "new international economic order." Unfortunately, *Five Minutes To Midnight* will never earn the notoriety of *Jaws* or *The Exorcist*. But if it did, as the importance of the subject compels, the historical problem of raising the consciousness of citizens of the West to recognize the utter misery and despair of their neighbors and what relevance this has for their own lives might be solved forever. This is a superb documentary. It is no exaggeration to say that, for Americans at any rate, *Five Minutes To Midnight* is to the crisis of world poverty what *Hearts and Minds* was to the Vietnam war. One can hear grumbling throughout that the film is too long and, without question, it drags in spots. But perhaps some of the grumbling is due to the fact that excessive exposure to these aspects of reality is painful.

The film is, above all, remarkably successful in sweeping away many of the myths and distortions which pollute official and academic discussions of the horrendous crisis which plagues the countries of the underdeveloped world. Needless, to say, this crisis is not merely a short-term problem of energy supplies or upward bursts in the price of food. This is a situation which stalks a clear majority of the world's population day-after-day, month-after-month, year-after-year. It is somewhat like a nightmare to which there is no end. This crisis is, at its essence, *a crisis of poverty*. Dependent upon this realization, various theories of its dimensions and potential remedies stand and fall. Despite all of the scientific and technological advances of the past generation, the masses of people in the underdeveloped

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world have not benefited from them because, quite simply, they are too poor. This is as true today as it was at the beginning of the first UN "Development Decade" in 1960.

But as always, there are those who have a vested interest in distracting attention from the real issues and finding scapegoats to which they can attach responsibility which rightfully belongs to themselves. The ultimate purpose of this obfuscation is to obstruct proposals for meaningful social change which strike at the heart of the problem and hence at the self-interest of those who benefit from the existing order. This, obviously, is the role which the United States and other advanced nations are playing in international forums.

A case in point is blaming the present condition of the underdeveloped countries on the price of OPEC oil. OPEC's outrageous price increases, the argument goes, provided the bulk of inflationary stimulus which priced poor countries out of the market for basic necessities such as energy, fertilizer and basic foodstuffs. This argument is erroneous on many grounds. It is common knowledge that the price of crude oil was kept artificially low for a number of years by the multinational oil companies which bought it cheap and sold it dearly. The posted price of Persian Gulf crude (upon which benefits to producing countries were calculated), the film indicates in a brief interview with the Shah of Iran, *declined* from $2.17 per barrel in 1947 to $1.79 in 1959 and remained stable for a decade thereafter. All the while, however, the prices of finished goods which the underdeveloped countries have historically imported from the West continued to rise. And though the OPEC nations have dramatically altered their situation, most other poor countries continue to experience similarly deteriorating terms of trade. That the latter are now suffering severe dislocations and bottlenecks as a result of the price of OPEC oil is but a result of the essential underdevelopment of their economies, hardly the cause of it.

In addition, the fact that OPEC-induced price rises have heaped additional hardship on the poorest countries is no exoneration of the West. For it is clear that, in the short-run, the multinational oil companies have profited enormously from the actions of OPEC. They did this by passing on OPEC's demands at the crude production stage and increasing their margins at other stages of the industry (and other fossil fuels such as coal)—still firmly controlled by the major companies. At best then, it can be stated that OPEC and the companies are responsible for the increased energy import bills of the poorest countries.

Secondly, the media and politicians in the West generally ignore or play down the importance of similar price rises in other commodities. This is not surprising, since the prices of these commodities are controlled, not by associations of underdeveloped countries, but by giant corporations operating with full support of their home governments. We seldom hear, for example, that the prices of wheat and rice tripled between 1972 and 1974.

The second great myth, enormously popular these days in *Commentary* and the *Wall Street Journal*, is that the impoverished masses in the underdeveloped world are somehow responsible for their condition. This is based on several misconceptions. One is that rampant population growth lies at the root of poverty and underdevelopment. But in poor countries characterized by labor intensive industries and high unemployment rates, children are and must be considered economic assets. This, coupled with enormously high infant mortality rates, means that people will have more children in hopes that a few may live long enough to provide income for the rest of the family. And as Barry Commoner has persuasively argued, "in human societies, there is a built-in control on population size: If the standard of living, which initiates the rise in population, *continues* to increase, the population eventually begins to level off." Obviously, this increase has not occurred.

Another misconception, which assumes that capitalist development is the most optimum way to achieve rapid economic growth, is that poor countries have for too long experimented with various forms of state "socialism" at the expense of encouraging development of the private sector. This confuses (perhaps deliberately) genuine socialism—the development of society's productive forces for the advance of the many than for the aggrandizement of the few—with the growth of a large public sector, the purpose of which is to supply goods and services which the private sector cannot or will not provide at a cost acceptable to society. In any case, the public sector, is, in most instances, not too large but too *small*. Anywhere from sixty to ninety percent of the births in poor countries, for example, occur out of the reach of government health programs.

Responsibility, then, for the condition of the poor lies elsewhere. According to *Five Minutes To Midnight*, it lies with the economic system controlled and perpetuated by the West. Centuries of colonial exploitation and years of neo-colonial dependence have made the poor countries what they are today. In a world where thirty percent of the population receives seventy percent of its income, the system promotes all of the wrong tendencies in production and consumption. Capitalism (and its mirror image, Sovietism) encourages the accumulation of military hardware, worthless glitter and frills which add nothing to the quality of life and privatized social attitudes where increasing one's own consumption becomes life's chief aim. This situation, the film drives home in a powerful way, is not only objectionable in a moral sense, but in the era of rising Third World expectations, politically unfeasible.

And the film implies that the guardians of the old order are far more sensible to the latter. The nations of the Third World have arisen from their previous passivity. Conversations with numerous Third World figures, a radical Latin priest, the president of Tanzania, and, in a different sense, national bourgeois figures such as the Shah, conducted by these British journalists show us that things are going to be

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very different from now on. And it points to a single political message: the undeveloped countries of the world want a larger share of the world economic pie and they are doing something about it.

"They are becoming aware," a pensive World Bank President Robert McNamara tells his interviewer, "that they need not suffer." He discusses at length the promising rhetoric of the West concerning the fate of the poor countries; which, more often than not, is matched only by what he calls "inaction." He notes, for example, that in 1971 the UN resolved that the developed industrial states should commit seven-tenths of one percent of their Gross National Products per year in development assistance. Thus far, less than forty percent of the goal has been achieved. This being the case, as the needs of the underdeveloped countries multiply, so too will the demands they make on the advanced countries. And unless immediate and concrete steps are taken either to expand the economic pie or divide it up more equitably, McNamara predicts that "ten, twenty, or thirty years down the road," Third World discontent will work "to the distinct disadvantage of the West." What worries McNamara is that the world's privileged classes will try desperately to preserve the old order and the poor nations will respond with forceful action that could destroy the whole international system. Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere agrees: "All of the rich, all of the reactionaries," he says approvingly, "will be swept away. It happened in China; it will happen elsewhere. This is a fact of history." In this sense, for the developed as well as for the underdeveloped, it is *Five Minutes To Midnight.*

What, then, is to be done? Here the film is, to say the least, ambiguous. Perhaps this was unavoidable. On the one hand, a short but powerful segment of the film contrasts the condition of China since 1949 with that of the rest of the Third World. The lessons are many, the conclusions inescapable. Starting at the very lowest levels of society, China has constructed an autonomous, if still poor, economy. She is beholden to no rich country for aid, trade, or credit. She has leveled enormous class differences and, in recent years, placed much more stress on local initiative and self-reliance than on wishing away problems on to lethargic, centralized bureaucracy. Fat and smiling people work at meaningful jobs rather than become beggars sleeping in the streets. All of these things China has accomplished by rejecting the economics of dependency and choosing a path of development where stress is placed on collective betterment as opposed to private accumulation.

But on the contrary, the film closes with a strong plea for more aid, trade and concern by the advanced countries for the condition of the poor. What our filmmakers advocate, in other words, are all of the policies which historically have failed to produce economic "development" for the poor countries, only on a greater scale. But far from attacking the roots of underdevelopment, these alleged remedies have, instead, only produced more underdevelopment. This is, in short, what Andre Gunder Frank has termed the "development of underdevelopment." Why our analysts disregard these lessons and, on the other hand, those of the Chinese experience, is perplexing and one can only speculate on their reasoning.

But this logical inconsistency and lack of political clarity should not detract from the importance and timeliness of *Five Minutes To Midnight.* On film, the global problems of humanity have never been presented more clearly. If there is a moral to the story, it was probably best stated by a young black boy standing in a vacant, rubble-strewn lot in New York. Asked what he would like most for the world, he replied, "I think they should clean up New York." See the film and the connection should be obvious.

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JAMES FINN COTTER

"THE BIRTH OF VENUS"

Of a time, of a place,
naked, awakened
from the night of the sea,
where you stand, bodybright,
on a scallop of light,

where the rays of the sun
tip open the day,
where you come, onlyone,
to the lips of the sand,
of a place, of a time,

when, freed from the sea,
in the fissure of dawn
you step to the shore,
nude, renewed
in the flowering wind,

hair afloat in your hand—
when you come, onlyone,
on the shell of the sun,
your eyes lift up the sky,
your thighs open the land.

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MINUTE STEAK, DISARMED HANDS

SAUL MALOFF

The Company

JOHN ERLICHMAN

Simon & Schuster, $8.95

The Canfield Decision

SPIRO AGNEW

Playboy Press, $8.95

When the Director of Central Intelligence entertains guests in his private diningroom in Langley, Va., he provides, after cocktails, of course, a meal consisting of minute grilled steak and tossed green salad and, for dessert, melon and cookies. The service is discreet and efficient. Frank Church did not tell us this; John Erlichman does, and he should know. Dinner at the G Street Club, however, is something else again: mousseline de sole Breton, Chateaubriand with grilled mushroom caps, and endive salad served with a perfect soft Brie. The accompanying wines, disappointingly unidentified, are described as "superb," and here, as is not the case with the Brie, my confidence in the author's taste buds falters though it does not utterly topple. The sweet is meringue puff piled with fresh strawberries. Escoffier would not have used that disagreeable word but Escoffier did not know the G Street Club. On another occasion the grilled steak is served with baked potato and string beans, which may seem rather pedestrian to your ear, or palate, though nothing edible seems less than memorable to Ehrlichman, least of all the lunch served to a clandestine informant by the celebrated gourmet who is Washington's deadliest investigative reporter—veal scaloppini and sautéed baby zucchini. Next to veal he prefers boys. Ehrlichman would love us to speculate; he's that sort.

As opposed to Ehrlichman's robust visceral fascination with food and drink, Spiro Agnew's may be described as cerebral and spiritual: people are "hungry for bold leadership"; and sitting in tense expectation of an after-dinner speech, "their esurience satisfied, the audience waited to slake a different hunger." Spiro Agnew always had a way with words.

Both the former Assistant for Domestic Affairs and the former Vice President, once their bellies have been filled, their esurience slaked, share other interests, principally the outward and visible signs of power and money: Air Force One, where even the cellophane wrappers on the candy bars and the plastic coffeecups are emblazoned with the presidential seal; the blue-and-white sublimity of Air Force Two, that slightly less-lofty bird; butlers, servants, intercoms, Secret Service agents, state dinners, the Marine Corps orchestra rising as the majestic presence enters the room. If Nelson Rockefeller were to write a novel—and who can safely say he won't?—he at least would not stand in awe before Wedgewood and old silver; but the arrivistes and shopkeepers who once tasted of ambrosia and nectar can't seem to get over the wonder of it all.

Ehrlichman pretends to scoff at a climber's "elegant long gown" but only a climber would call it that; and when Agnew responds tremblingly to the "rustle of expensive formal gowns," it is not the fictive well-born V.P. Porter Canfield quivering but the Pier Six brawler whose "pulse quickened just a fraction" and who, standing tall in the White House, thinks it is "good to be somebody, and particularly good to be somebody in this house, where so many somebodies had walked." Only born nobodies think that way. Both of these malefactors are casebook instances of seedy castoffs standing noses pressed to the plate glass window of the fashionable restaurant dumbstruck at the sheer majesty of the candlelit spectacle, splendid with "beautifully dressed ladies and their escorts," wondering what the quality-folk are "masticating" (another Agnewian word, naturally) and how much it costs.

And both are—how shall I put it? I must risk sounding effete but only the French term will do—both authors are prosateurs. When Erlichman isn't recording menus, he tends to favor the language of pulp melodrama: "He was excessively warm; his palms were sweating. His nerves were taut. This thing was hitting him hard." And: "How many sleepless nights had Martin speculated, fearing the ugly words on these pages." And: "His eyes narrowed and he spat out the words with passion." Yet when the urgent need stirs in his loins he can burn with lyric incandescence, as when a character remarkably reminiscent of Kissinger "catapults his corpulence" down the hallway to the Oval Office or when he calls the deadringer for Haldeman "a philosophical eunuch." Working, one must suppose, independently, Agnew oddly strikes a similar phrase in calling one of *his* characters "a political eunuch." In this connection one recalls the charming and playful Green Beret motto, which the twice-born thug Chuck Colson adopted as his own: "When you've got 'em by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow." Balls, as the psychohistorian begins to suspect and the people of Indochina knew all too well, were a subject (or a "subject matter," as John Mitchell might have said) of extraordinary interest to the former President and his former men.

If, on the whole, Ehrlichman's language is derived from the style of briefing papers, minutes, memoranda and computer printouts, and his sense of fiction from spy thrillers, Agnew writes a queer variant of English that can only be called Thesaurus and his sense

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of fiction derives from nowhere, not even from trash. Thesaurus is related to the language he grunted when in his glory days he was wielding the hatchet on the Yahoo Circuit, precisely the language a stone-deaf autodidact might glean from a dictionary of synonyms if he were equipped with no instinct at all for the sound and rhythm of words, shades of meaning, meaning itself. Agnew's barbarisms and solecisms "played" in Peoria, as Ehrlichman used to say, and mark the user as a buffoon everywhere else, including Peoria, an unfairly maligned city.

Who but Agnew could use such a word as "esurience" with a straight face? or speak of an "erubescent neck"? or refer to a subject best not talked about as "caveated"? Only such a butcher of language could write of a man munching on peanuts as having an "ever-restless mouth," or, better still, a "masticating machine." From there to "He scowled darkly in feigned rage" and "The Iranian climbed out, cursing effortlessly in Farsi" and "She was a complete package of high-class sensuality" and "Everywhere the poor were becoming restless and angry, and the rich were showing a furtiveness that bespoke a gnawing anxiety about the future" is a small step. In a book impacted with such felonies against the language, one is hard-pressed to choose a favorite. My own might have been that one about the fluently Farsi-cursing Persian were it not for one other which not even a Perelman at his most wanton could have imagined—or, having imagined, dared to write. Here it is, in all its surgico-calisthenic singularity: "Bedson [the junior Senator from California] threw up his hands disarmingly." Whether the disarmed hands stuck to the ceiling or bounced back into their sockets we are not told. For me they will remain forever suspended in mid-air, the fingers of one clenched, the other splayed.

(A consequential distinction seems worth making. Ehrlichman is a smart lawyer and writes like one; a man who can hold a couple of ideas in his head at the same time without splitting down the middle. Agnew is a grossly stupid shyster whose head has never been violated by an idea of any kind, and whenever he attempts to formulate one he collapses into incoherence. Moreover, Ehrlichman isn't nutty; he's sordid but not a nut. The same cannot be said of Agnew. Instances, both of dumbness and nuttiness, abound on every page; one must serve. Time has not mellowed his paranoid hatred of the press; it rages, it boils, it drives him up walls and round bends. Damn bunch of Jews is what they are; Jews are everywhere, put on earth by a vengeful God to torment him. One Jewish newsman affably exposes another one bearing the Wasp name "Douglas Drake" as "Dravitz"—and Agnew adds: "It pleased him to refer to the television reporter by his original surname because he resented people who changed their names for professional reasons." All done in the name of candor, you understand. Agnew, amid the tumult of his checkered life, appears to have forgotten, or to imagine we have forgotten, that his own name is composed of a mere two syllables of his original multi-syllabic surname; and that he prefers his friends call him "Ted" rather than by his honorable Greek name. Candor, to adapt Emerson's remark on Daniel Webster—candor in the mouth of Agnew is like love in the mouth of a whore.

By choosing to make noises in public rather than concealing himself in silence and exile, Agnew forces a further word upon us. Lately, as if to confirm what we always knew, he has been echoing the line of his benefactors by running off at the mouth about the insidious "influence" of Jewish bankers and journalists, thereby spawning another grubby version of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. His nightmares teem with Jews; the book is Jew-haunted, Zion-tormented; he sees Jews everywhere, everywhere. At the same time he assures his interlocutors on the promotion circuit that he's "not a bigot." Poles, Japanese and Blacks will be glad to know this. Agnew is "not a bigot" in the measure that his former commander was "not a crook." And yet of how many bigots in our midst can it be said, as it can be said of Agnew, that bigotry however sodden, dullwitted, scurrilous is the least of his sins, that alongside his many other notable qualities it is almost the most endearing of them?

Ehrlichman's book is not quite as bad as it should be, an astonishing fact which led the reviewers to exaggerate wildly its slight merits. Apart from transparent elements of roman à clef, its mild interest lies in two questions: Can the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency blackmail the President with hard evidence of illegal acts of surveillance and other villainies? Yes, he can. And: Can the same DCI find happiness in the arms of an abstract photographer? Again, yes, or so we are told; but we are worldly people, you and I, and we know that happiness is a sometime thing, and even the good life as Ambassador to Jamaica (no, not Teheran) is no certain guarantor of perpetual bliss.

Agnew's book, on the other hand, is exactly what it should be, to the centimeter: vulgar, malicious, elephantine, bungling, churlish, nasty, morally leprous—scurvy and mindless, devoid of the least jot of intelligence and sensibility—a smelly, loathsome little object (his few grim little jokes, such as they are, are crudely anal, wouldn't you know). The style is the man, the man is the style. It is a little awesome to recall that were it not for his venality and avarice, this is the man who might at this moment be prancing about with the little black box containing the little red button, flying the ozone not on Air Force Two but Air Force One; at last, at long last, a Somebody.

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REVIEWERS

SAUL MALOFF's most recent novel is *Heartland* (Scribner's).

MICHAEL F. MCCAULEY is the editor of *Overview*, published by the Thomas More Association.

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Never Look Back: The Career and Concerns of John J. Burke

JOHN B. SHEERIN

Paulist Press, $7.95

MICHAEL F. McCAULEY

To have had an inestimable influence on twentieth century American Catholicism and yet remain largely unknown to most has been the fate of Paulist John J. Burke. This unfortunate injustice has been laudably remedied by fellow Paulist John B. Sheerin's *Never Look Back*. Because documents pertinent to Monsignor Burke's life had been sealed away for forty years following his death, Father Sheerin's biography is a long overdue tribute to the man who conceived and supervised the National Catholic War Council during World War I and later served as general secretary to the National Catholic Welfare Conference (forerunner of the USCC).

Five years after his ordination John Burke became editor of the prestigious *Catholic World* and was plunged into the intellectual repression that grew out of Roman condemnations of Americanism and Modernism. Almost inexplicably he weathered the religious inhibitions of the day and succeeded in elevating the *Catholic World* to a level of excellence paralleling *Atlantic Monthly* and *Harper's*. Yet whatever editorial restraint Burke may have exercised in dealing with theological issues was overshadowed by his forward stance regarding social justice. Writes Father Sheerin: "[Burke] suggested not only that a specialist in social sciences be added to seminary faculties but also that students with special aptitudes be allowed to arrange their work in such a way as to incorporate social and economic training into their theological courses."

Deriving from Burke's progressive social attitudes was his work in launching the National Catholic War Council. Prior to U.S. entry into the First World War Burke "deplored the war . . . saying that the human heart must protest." But reports of German atrocities and the sinking of the *Lusitania* outraged him. He wholeheartedly endorsed the war effort urging in *Catholic World* editorials all Catholics to patriotically respond to the nation's summons. The American hierarchy quickly supported Wilson's war declaration, assuring him of unconditional Catholic support.

From our present perspective—post-Vietnam, etc.—it seems bizarre that Catholics should have considered WWI a fortuitous opportunity to demonstrate their loyalty and deep Americanism. But, according to Father Sheerin, this is exactly the way Burke viewed the situation. "During the First World War [Burke] felt confident that the bravery and loyalty of Catholics on the battlefield, as witnessed by the large number of Catholic casualties of immigrant stock, would dispel once and forever deep-rooted anti-Catholicism." Burke later became disillusioned about U.S. involvement in the war and regretted his strong advocacy of Catholic participation. We cannot help but wonder at the appalling lengths to which prejudice can distort reason and compassion that any minority should point with pride to carnage as proof of patriotism.

Despite the perhaps questionable motives for the War Council—mobilizing Catholics to die for the flag—Burke was successful in organizing for the first time not only the country's nearly 15,000 Catholic societies but also the often quarrelsome hierarchy which, since 1884, had not met in formal assembly. At the war's end Burke determined that the influence of the War Council in coordinating all of the nation's 20 million Catholics should not fade away. A national organization, in his opinion, could develop a tighter Catholic consciousness and "protect the interests of the Catholic minority." Overcoming opposition from some paranoid bishops and a handful of misinformed members of the Curia, Burke eventually succeeded in establishing the National Catholic Welfare Council—changed to "Conference" in 1923—to unify and coordinate Catholic activities.

As general secretary of NCWC Burke was deeply involved with religious as well as government officials. An astute representative of the Catholic mind of the 20s and 30s, he consulted with five presidents and was responsible in part for FDR's popularity among Catholics. All this arose from his own conviction that Catholics as a minority needed to organize to protect and defend their interests. Only through a national coalition could vast numbers of immigrants be effectively absorbed into American society. Far from isolationist or divisive, Burke's NCWC provided the information and transitional support to encourage European Catholics arriving at Ellis Island to fully adopt and adapt to their new homeland. If it can be said that we are no longer an immigrant church some of the credit must go to John J. Burke and the efforts of NCWC.

That Burke was able to launch NCWC at all is a minor miracle involving no small amount of organizational acumen and what has been called Burke's innate "Gaelic charm." Father Sheerin likens Burke, somewhat, to the business tycoons of the roaring 20s and New Deal 30s. He was a powerful, yet humble man who had an influence on the church only fully realized now, in the post-conciliar era of national episcopal conferences that focus on "broad social, political and economic problems possessing moral dimensions." More than 50 other national hierarchies, Father Sheerin informs, have taken NCWC as their model.

Yet for all the acclaim the dream from which NCWC grew never materialized—and doubtless never will. Initial hopes of uniting American culture with Catholic faith into a "new civilization more just and compassionate than any in the tortured history of the past" were dispelled even before Burke's death by the realization that "America would not be converted to Catholicism." A failure, perhaps, but hardly capable of negating the importance of NCWC.

Never Look Back, though "not the last word on his career," ably cap-

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tures the scope of John J. Burke's life and times and puts into focus the man and his accomplishments. Burke himself once wrote: "Christ is of the living. Let no man who puts his hand to the plough look back." John J. Burke steadfastly lived by that motto and did indeed "never look back."

The Last European War September 1939-December 1941

JOHN LUKACS

Anchor Press/Doubleday, $15

JOHN RATTE

John Lukacs' book is novel in both form and substance, and diverges from the liberal left American historical view on many issues. The work is unconventional in structure in that it presents the European military conflicts of 1939-1941 as a historical unity for description and analysis, and further, separates those two activities into two large sections, so that the reader is treated to a fairly conventional review of the military and diplomatic history of the war and then led into a discussive presentation of its social, psychological, and political impact on the European nations, much in the manner of French historical writing. This approach yields some repetition of themes, and even the duplication or near-duplication of paragraphs. But the attempt to present a "total history" of the war as a distinctly European event is generally successful, and that in large measure because of the sense of depth and dimension gained by the reader as he is shown the same events from differing perspectives.

More controversial is the substance of this unique work. Americans possess an image of World War II, not of a European war: our global—and nationalists—perspective is incarnate in terms like "the European Theatre" and "The Pacific Theatre." We take the Battle of Britain seriously because hindsight enables us to identify with our not-yet-ally in her moment of crisis. The "plucky Finland" of the winter war and Polish sufferings; French political confusions—they have meaning for us not as events in their own right, but as antecedents of matters of moment to our own destiny such as Soviet brutality in Eastern Europe, or the problems of our relations with the Vichy government and DeGaulle after the European war became a global—and hence American—enterprise.

Because Lukacs is a philosophical historian and a Christian humanist, and was (and in a sense still is) a European of the middle class, he is able to make plausible to us—with condemnation or praise as he sees appropriate—the realities of the late 1930s and early 1940s: realities a left-oriented historiography have derided, and a democratic tradition has chosen to ignore. It was plausible to men of good will that a war *of* Hitler against Stalin, if not even *with* him, was preferable to a war *against* Hitler; democracy was *not* working at all in America—or very well in France or England; a traditional conservatism might have seemed preferable to *either* socialism or fascism; fascism of a moderate sort, even Nazism, could be lived with as the disciplinary force of a "new Europe"—until Nazi-sponsored reconstruction was revealed as limitless exploitation; the lines separating Left from Right, and especially communist socialism from national socialism, were not as clear as we would want them to be in retrospect. Above all, Hitler was more complex—and, were it not for the Holocaust, even more "reconstructable"—as a world-historical figure than most of our books and memories yet accept.

This long and irritating book will be a major presence in the minds of historians and teachers of history who, while suspicious that we can ever "tell it like it really was" (my apologies to von Ranke for this contemporary rendering of his inescapable aphorism) know that their first duty is to approximate in their speech what people in the past thought was happening, in all its messiness and inconsistency, before they attempt to fit those events and thoughts into their own world-view. Since many historians today write as if they were not members of the middle class, it is refreshing to find one who will, and whose own viewpoint, by virtue of its co-incidental "fit" with the traditional ideas of European elites in these years, can make those ideas real.

Particular Pleasures

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Stein and Day, $16.95

MARGARET WIMSATT

"I don't know, and because I am writing this book against time, I can't undertake any research." Thus Mr. Priestley, aside. Both aside and front, center, he tells us that this is an old man's book, "almost an old man's hobby horse." J. B. Priestley, born in 1894, might indeed be thinking of resting on his laurels, but in *Particular Pleasures* he shows, apart from a few querulous remarks like this, no signs of diminished vigor. His *opus* we hope is not complete, but his many *opera*

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take up a good section of library shelf. *The Good Companions* is perhaps his best known novel; his plays run to many volumes and have been successful on both sides of the Atlantic. In between times, he has criticized, edited, published his wartime broadcasts over the BBC—has been and performed, that is, as an all round old-fashioned man of letters.

So it is obvious why *these* pleasures are particularly sweet; they reflect a hobby, not a trade. Not about literature, the book is divided into four sections, discussing pictures, music, acting, and clowning. He pleads for, brags about, their particularity. "So for example you will not find Degas, Manet and Monet here, though in fact I have an enormous admiration for these painters. Some big men are left out, some smaller men are brought in; I am indulging my whims; and I can only suggest that *Yours Indignantly* should abandon the book at this point."

The art and music sections are capricious, will please some people and offend others who feel their favorites have been slighted or the wrong beauties stressed. It is hard to write about music, and Mr. Priestley does it well. (He tells us that he considered "using simple musical notation for important musical themes" but decided against it as too pedantic, appealing to the wrong people.) He has been listening to music, performing it too, for a long time, long enough, for instance, to have seen the rise of Sibelius' reputation, and its decline. In this section of the book he grows wistful and ponders mortality. His selections seem chosen to reflect old age (Verdi's *Falstaff*) or early death (Bizet). The painting section is more cheerful. He likes youth, innocence, freshness; for example, he chooses a Gauguin from the artist's first, not his second and more productive, visit to Tahiti.

Painting and Music are arranged chronologically, but Acting and Clowning are in alphabetical order, so many of the subjects being from the same period, so many still alive. The section on clowns is the most remote for American readers. Yes, we know about Benny and Fields and Keaton, enjoy Priestley's opinions, warm to his admiration of Chaplin (mid-Atlantic, unique) and the Marx Brothers. But there are many Englishmen in there we have never heard of, masters of their art no doubt, top liners at London's Palladium, but they do not come across firmly in words and oldtime photographs. The section on acting is more available. Most actors nowadays commute, so are known in both countries. What we missed in our youth (or have forgotten) can be picked up on late-night television. Priestley knows the stage from exactly the most sympathetic angle—old feuds being over and done with—that of the author. He divides actors into those who are always themselves, whatever the part (Humphrey Bogart, John Gielgud) and those who are always the character, changing with each part, low-profile personalities. (Alec Guinness, he informs us, can go anywhere with no fuss. Nevertheless, one recognized him, one Midnight Mass, at London's Farm Street Church.) Among film stars he favors for obvious and I think correct reasons those who have had stage experience. His essays on Katharine Hepburn and particularly Spencer Tracy, both from his Class I, are paeans of praise and intelligent delight.

The book is elegantly produced. George Rainbird, Ltd. have done their usual skillful job of design. The illustration credits at the back of the book make it easy to identify the many pictures: a various lot of reproductions from national galleries, composers' biographies, and theater archives. An ordinary index would have been helpful, but perhaps not suited to the informal spirit of this book.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

We no longer go to the ghetto and say, ". . . we shall found here a day care center for the children of working mothers. We know that is what you need." No, we go hat in hand and learn

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the costly lesson of identification with those to whom we would show love. We ask them what they feel, what they really want. We offer solidarity with them in their efforts to find selfhood, to reorganize their own communities along lines that they choose.

In our dealings with those in power this attitude of humility has been conspicuously lacking. We either "stroke" them in order to extract their money or we proceed on the basis that we know what these fellows need. We set about manipulating whatever forces we find at hand to force some small steps in our desired direction, (i.e., minority representatives on the board, change in investment policies). Suppose for a moment, that we should apply the lessons learned in the ghetto and go . . . to ask, "Is there any way we can help you fulfill your responsibility for that part of the world where you are in control?"

That seems promising. But I do not know. It has proved difficult to know how we are to be leaven in the meal, the salt that savors, how the good grain must grow with the tares and the cockle until the end—and whether we are, indeed, wheat or cockle. Still we must applaud the effort, hope for its good end, and rejoice that a fresh start has been made.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 483*)

you probably have some emotional problems, perhaps stemming from your past relationship with your parents. . . ." Jesus would be more concerned with wholeness rather than analysis. Thus, I believe that even today, knowing well Peter's failings and weaknesses as well as his strengths, Jesus would simply ask "Do you love me, Peter?" Hearing him answer "Lord, you know that I do" I believe that Jesus would say "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep" without putting him through a series of psychological testings to prove his capabilities. It has been one of the great themes of the Judeo-Christian tradition that God has worked through the weak. Why then today, with the use of psychological clichés, do we pretend that there is such a thing as emotional perfection? RITA MALONEY

Soviet Myths

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: The article "The Myth of Soviet Aggression" by Leo Friedman and Stephen P. Kramer [June 4] can best be characterized as "quite trite."

The myopic article portrays Hitler's game/excuse all over again. Can any empire arbitrarily seize lands and not have problems of defense? The greater question is: *When* are the Soviets going to return Karelia, Sakhalin, Carpatho-Ukraine, Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, et al. to rightful ownership?

That institutions in the USSR have as their main function social control appears true enough (p. 362). That Soviet institutions exercise control in face of great failures and only small successes cannot be ascertained thru a review of the mountains of bodies and rivers of blood shed against the Ukrainian Catholic Church. The merciless destruction of Ukrainian Catholics stands as a reminder for all time of the lack of human feelings by the sycophants of the Kremlin. The seizure of Carpatho-Ukraine in 1944-45 immediately saw the institution of the Russian Orthodox Church in a land *never before under Russian domination.*

When the files of the KGV become available to the academic community of the world the myth of Soviet softness will evaporate. PAUL FENCHAK
Chairman, Ukrainian Education
Association of Maryland

Sticks & Stones

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: Concerning Dennis O'Brien's review of my *Binding With Briars: Sex and Sin in the Catholic Church* [June 4]: Surely Dr. O'Brien must have appreciated the fact that the book was not intended as a scholarly treatise. I have made a career of explaining Catholic beliefs and usages in popular language, writing in a general way for the likes of my beloved Aunt Belle, a 5th-grade dropout who died last year at the age of 97. *Briars* is accordingly pure *causerie.*

It is the unexpected datum that impresses such a reader and gains the writer his point. If the 14-year-old Pope Benedict XI thought the Archdiocese of Paris worth no more than a bowl of marzipan, then how much authority is one to accord his decrees and apostolic constitutions?

Oddly, while the secular press—including *Kirkus, Library Monthly, Publishers Weekly*—liked the book, found it enjoyable and beautifully written, and recommended it, not one Catholic critic has been kind to it or had anything good to say about it. Do religious convictions affect one's aesthetic standards? Typically, Dennis O'Brien found it "tasteless." He says this three times. I suspect however that his real meaning is "disagreeable" or perhaps "tiresome," but certainly not "tasteless," unless in the sense that Voltaire found Bellarmine tasteless, and Newman Renan.

Dr. O'Brien alleges that I use "gutsy" sexual language, listing as examples: chicks, birds, fillys, bitches, babes, dolls, ass, and piece. But not one of those words occurs in my book. So why does he imply my use of them? (REV.) RICHARD GINDER

REPLY: Bad arguments are bad arguments whether wrapped in scholarly obfuscation or popular froth. The statement about Benedict XI is a clear case of *ad hominem* and I am quite prepared —though skeptically inclined—to think he might well have written brilliant theology or published prudent decrees despite an erring sweet tooth.

It takes a stretch of the implying capacity to reach the conclusion in Father Ginder's final paragraph from my review. *Binding with Briars* is tasteless enough without the quoted terms and I am disinclined to engage him in a name-culling contest. DENNIS O'BRIEN

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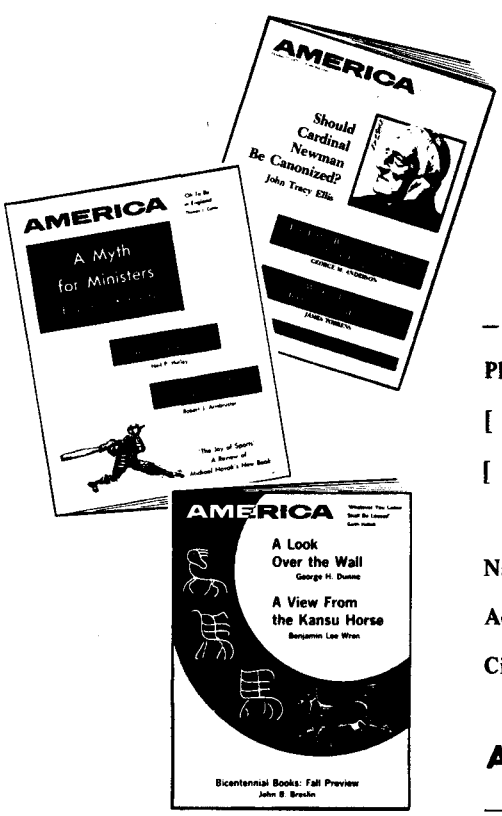

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